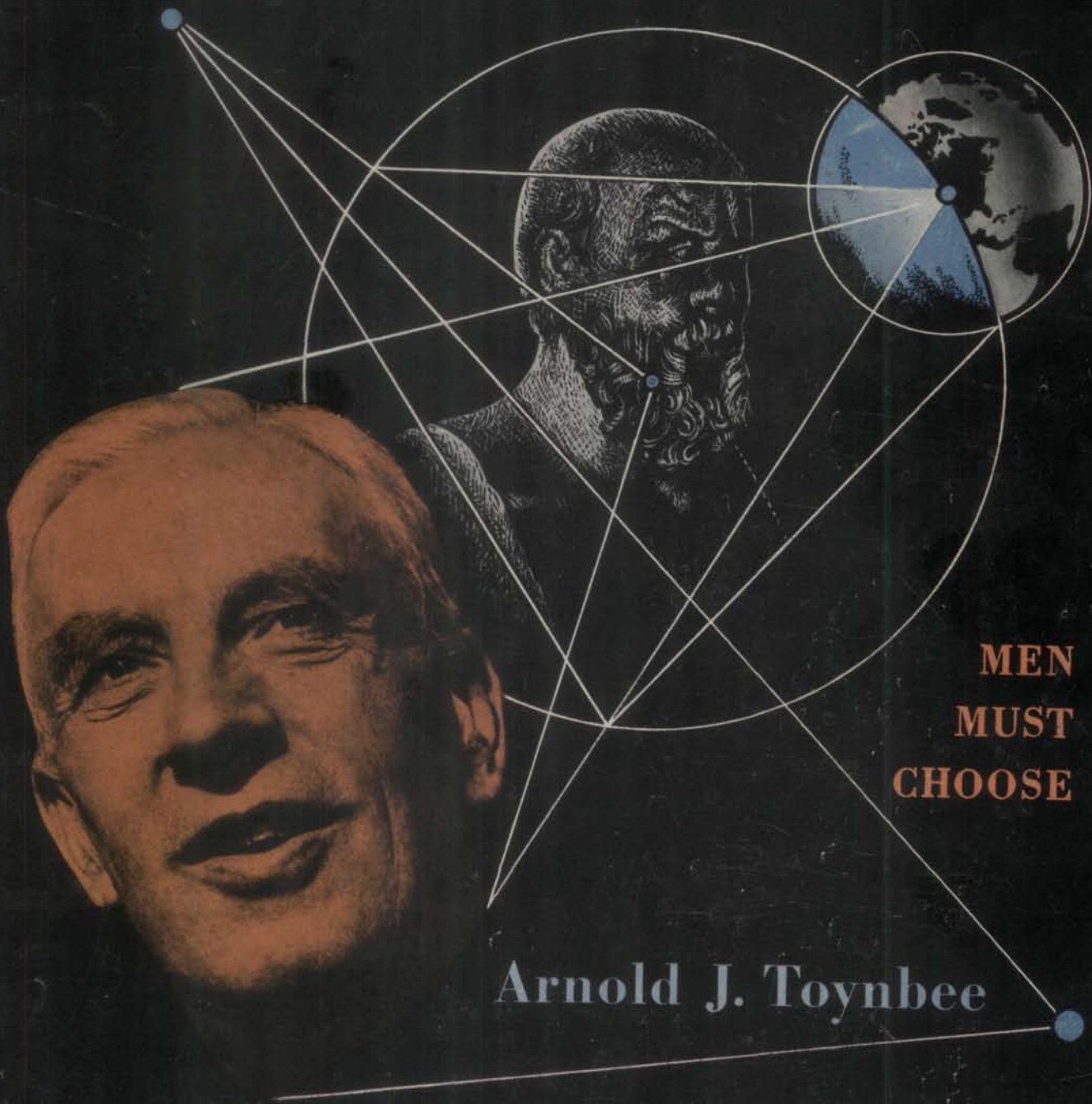
JANUARY 1953

THE Atlantic



MEN MUST CHOOSE

Arnold J. Toynbee

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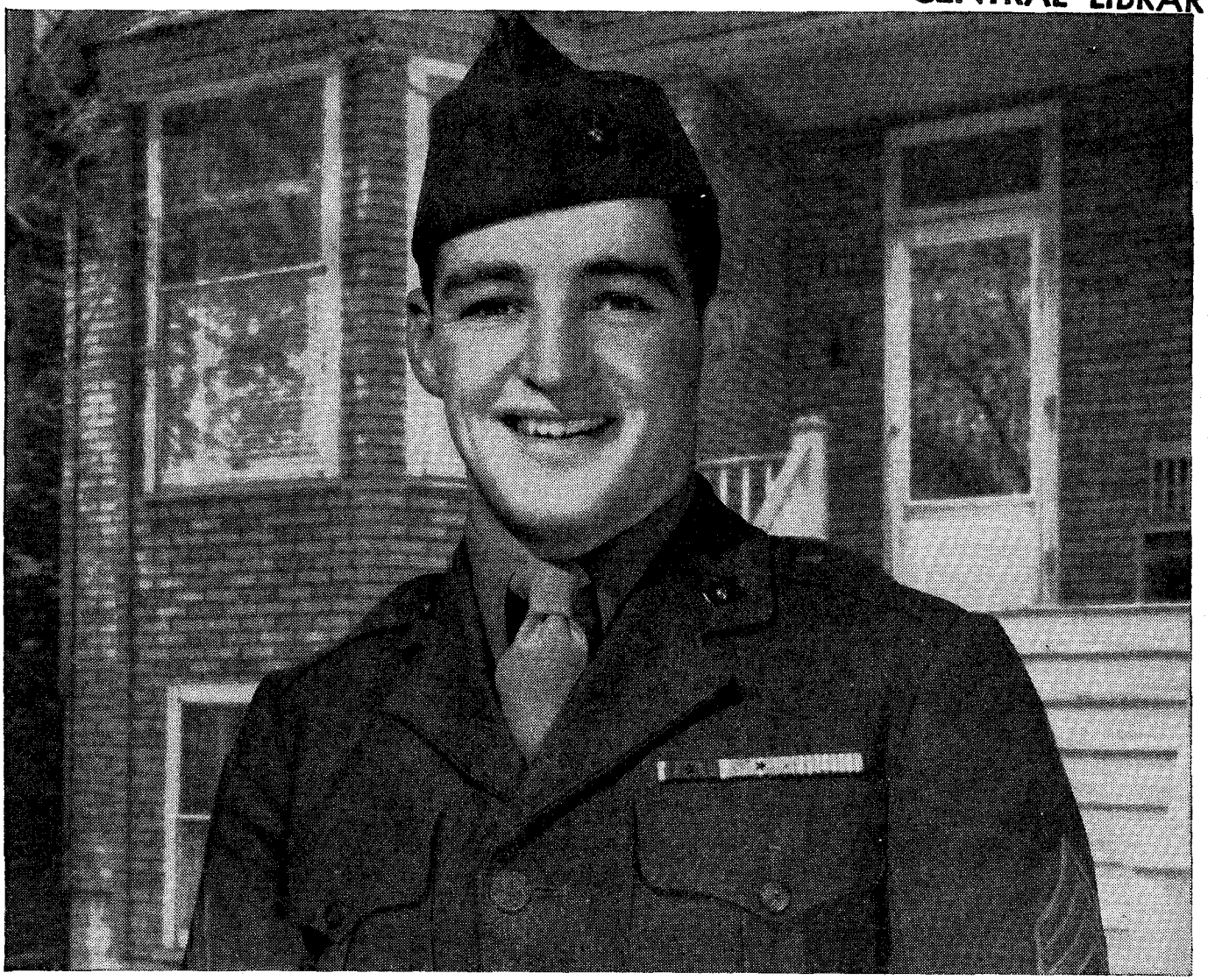
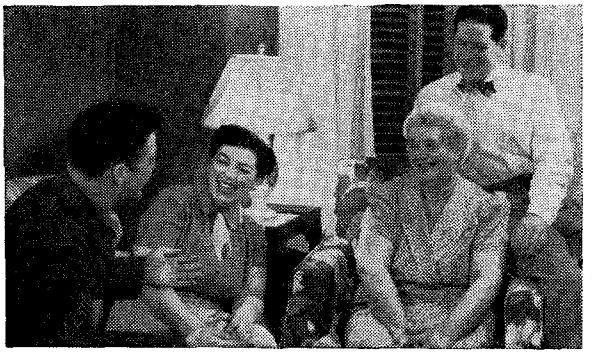


WELCOME HOME, SERGEANT!



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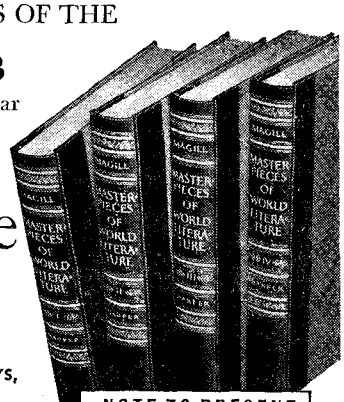

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT
on the World today

Iran

SEVERAL times last year crowds assembled in the streets of Teheran to denounce American germ warfare in Korea. This came as a shock to many Americans, who hadn't realized the efficacy of Communist propaganda and who asked the question, "What has happened to the envied position which the United States enjoyed not only in Iran but in the entire Orient just after World War II?" Then we were knights in shining armor with high ideals, a different breed of men from the hated "colonial" Europeans. Confused, the first reaction of the Americans was to withdraw and keep to themselves. But the riots continued.

In the face of growing anti-American sentiment many feel we can only sit back and wait to see what happens. Meanwhile the Tudeh (Communist) party intensifies its activities among villagers and tribesmen, and once the latter are well infiltrated, there are few left to form any organized resistance to the minions of Stalin. The situation is serious, more serious than we think.

Americans are in a dilemma in Iran. Whom to support and how to support them, or whether to support anyone, are questions which most of our diplomatic personnel would rather not answer. Yet we must face the facts in Iran and elsewhere in the Orient, even though America is woefully lacking in qualified public servants who understand or appreciate the problems of a complex country such as Iran.

Who will manage the farms?

Take the question of land reform. Much of the success of the Chinese Communists was the result of their work on the land. After the fall of China many voices in the U.S.A. were raised on the necessity of land reform throughout Asia. Landlords had to go and large estates were to be divided in an attempt to beat the Communists at their own game.

But elimination of the landlord and division of the land would be especially difficult in Iran. In most sections agriculture is maintained by irrigation from underground canals or *qanats*. These *qanats* are real feats of engineering, for they sometimes lead water a distance of thirty miles or more from mountains out into what would be desert if it were not for the water. In Jumin, Khurasan province, where reputedly some of the deepest *qanats* in Iran are found, men have to descend several hundred yards into the ground to clean or repair the tunnels.

The maintenance of *qanats* requires a considerable outlay of capital and a skilled organization. Not only organization but leadership is needed, and now it is supplied by landlords or their agents. If they are removed, who will replace the landlords? Perhaps commissars? Those who speak of peasant coöperatives do not understand the social organization and position of the Iranian peasants.

In the province of Seistan on the Afghan-Pakistan frontiers, for centuries the peasants have been mobilized by the landlords each year to construct a dam to hold the waters of the Helmand River. And each year the barrier of mud, sticks, and stones is swept away by the torrent, whose rate of flow increases from 34 cubic meters a second to almost 1500 in the flood season.

Several years ago the "king" of the province, Huzaima 'Alam, decided to build two concrete dams using American steam shovels and bulldozers.

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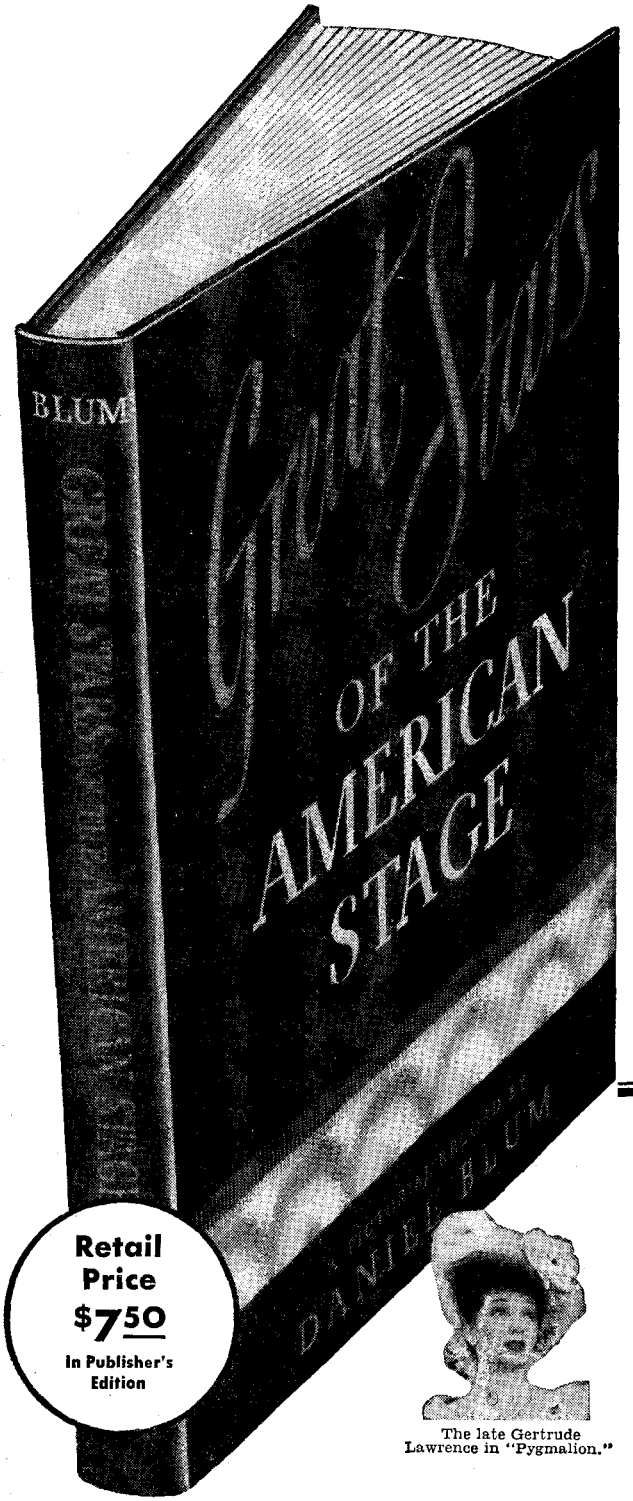

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The difficulties of transport to this isolated area of Iran over unpaved roads were enormous, but the machines were pushed, pulled, and dragged to the spot, and the dams are being built. When finished they should transform the province into a rich agricultural area, the fruits of which will not be lost to the uncontrolled waters.

If the people of Seistan had waited for their government to build the dams, or if they had decided to join together in a coöperative endeavor, there would be no dams. This does not mean that the feudal domain which ʿAlam has created is all sweetness and light. Far from it, for he does rule like a feudal lord.

The American brand of democracy which we are trying to spread around the world just doesn't make sense in Iran. Conditions which apply in Seistan would not in Azerbaijan, and a blanket generalization for Iran is impossible; for the Near East or the entire Orient it is absurd. Conditions in Iran vary widely and much study is needed before one can venture a solution of the land-water-and-agriculture problem.

The Moslem leaders fear the West

Then there are the religious leaders. Americans have little opportunity to come into intimate contact with religious leaders, or to understand the religious situation in Iran. Much mystery surrounds the activities of Ayatollah Kashani, the leader of "reactionary" religious groups. Actually his program is rather direct — he advocates what he believes are the Islamic principles of life and wants "Iran for the Iranians." His followers support a pan-Islamic movement, perhaps blissfully unaware of the sentiments of Sunni religious leaders in Afghanistan and Iraq in regard to the Iranian Shiites.

In Iran, Kashani seeks more power for the religious leaders. They feel themselves menaced by the West, and hope that by excluding foreigners their country can live in peace and return to good Islamic practices of the past. His followers proclaim that the Iranians do not need oil and can live as they did before the invention of the automobile.

The religious leaders were suppressed during the reign of Reza Shah but they were not crushed. Now they are seeking to regain lost privileges and power. That they are having some success is indicated by the stricter observance of the month of fasting, *Ramazan*, and by public processions and revival of the passion plays during the religious holidays.

The religious people fear the West more than the U.S.S.R., perhaps because they know there is an historic antipathy of Iranians towards the Russians, while British influence, for them, is more subtle and dangerous. Kashani's followers will ally themselves with the Communists, as they did during the riots of the short-lived Ghavam premiership in July, but this is only because they believe they can handle the Communists — perhaps a fatal assumption which has been disproved elsewhere. One incident which the religious leaders have not forgotten was the infamous bombardment of their sacred shrine in Meshed by Russian troops before World War I. Memories are long in the Orient.

There exists a religious revival in Iran of considerable proportions and influence, and much of it seems anti-modern and directed against reform. Nonetheless it behooves Americans to investigate this revival, meet its leaders, and convince them they will only court disaster if they throw their lot in with the Communists. Also they need to be shown that America is not anti-religious or anti-Moslem, as many of them believe.

Our unofficial ambassadors

Unfortunately some of the activities of Americans in Teheran are not well calculated to spread even American democracy. The scandal of the APO is already history — when an American sergeant imported considerable quantities of American products duty-free which found their way into the local bazaars. The Iranian government now requires APO packages to go through the local customs. The clubs, APO, PX, automobiles, and the like, have become necessary concomitants of swollen American embassies in the Orient.

Inflation and especially the fluctuation in the rate of exchange tempt Americans to try their hands at speculation. This is not to say that the Americans alone are guilty of speculation; far from it. During one week last spring the exchange on the open market rose from 65 rials to the dollar to 90, and then dropped back to 76. The official rate is 32, although there is another equally fictitious rate of 41 to the dollar.

Perhaps it is too much to expect Americans abroad to be supermen, with more than ordinary generosity, better morals, and better concepts of democracy than others have. When they fall short of the ideal, as they must, they are open to criticism. Furthermore, one cannot expect all foreign-service employees to like their posts and speak the local languages, but it would be desirable to have some who did.

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This project of HOLIDAY's has been three years in the making and is, perhaps, unique in the history of reporting. The first installment is in the January issue of HOLIDAY, now on sale.

We must avoid developing a "colonial-minded" group of officials who are reminiscent of the Europeans in the nineteenth century, now discredited everywhere though not completely discarded. For if we are regarded by the Oriental peoples as successors of the "sahibs," and not as free, fresh people with actions as well as words about democracy and equality, then we shall have lost the Orient for our side.

We must go more than halfway to meet the peoples of the Orient, and we must do more than put them under microscopes and say, "This is what we must do for your army, and this is what you must do for your agriculture." We must put our hearts into our relations with these people. We cannot behave like the rich dowager visiting a slums settlement seeking to do good, but thankful to leave the odors behind, and thankful that she is a dowager. It is not mere gushing sentiment which should impel Americans to a brotherhood with the peoples of the Orient. As Charles Malik of Lebanon put it, "The Near East must be made to feel that it belongs" to the Western world and not to the Soviet world.

What can we do?

This may be all very well, one may say, but what specifically must we do in Iran? Formerly the Iranians were the least xenophobic of all peoples in that part of the world, but times have changed, and the situation of a year ago is quite different from today. Therefore one must be flexible in formulating policy and attitudes towards the Iranians. We can do these things: —

1. We should screen carefully all Americans who are going to Iran on government service and weed out those who cannot make the necessary adjustments. More of them should be trained in languages and background, and this requires more time than a few briefing lectures. Also we should endeavor to convince government employees that they are public servants, not government rulers.

2. In the field we must get State Department people who will specialize in the Near Eastern area and serve there over a period of time, rather than career foreign-service men who will spend one year in Teheran and the next in Mexico City.

3. We should publicize the admirable Point Four program in Iran. As a matter of fact we need to publicize all American work in Iran, past and present. The work of such organizations as the Near East Foundation and the missionary hospitals and schools has not been made sufficiently well known among the Iranians.

4. Books and pamphlets on the rivers of America have a place in an American information library in Teheran, but so do books on Iran and the Soviet menace to Iran, which at present are not found there. The translation program from English into Persian should be revised to include such books even more than the tracts on America the Beautiful which it now has. The Iranians should be made to feel that we are interested in their welfare.

5. We should answer the Communist propaganda and not dismiss it with a shrug or wait to see if it is effective. We could print and subsidize tracts showing the Communists in their true lights. There is no reason why the Soviets should have a monopoly on printing "anti" literature in Persian. We should conduct a hard-hitting campaign of winning the Iranian people to the cause of the West. Moreover, we cannot afford to wait and merely to ignore Soviet propaganda against us.

We have a fine record in Iran; two Americans who are respected and still remembered in Iran are now living in the United States. One is Morgan Shuster, who went to Iran before World War I to help Iran solve her financial problems, and who wrote a book entitled *The Strangling of Persia*, which has been translated into Persian. The other is Dr. Jordan, beloved head of the American Elburz college in Teheran for many years. This legacy of good will should be remembered and continued as a living denial of Soviet propaganda about American imperialism in Iran.

We must not forget that if we do not make a great effort, Iran will fall by default behind the Iron Curtain. We are pitted against a relentless foe who utilizes each opportunity to attack our every weakness or faltering. If we demonstrate to the Iranians by deed as well as word that we are their friends, we can keep them on this side of the Curtain.

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Washington

ONLY thrice since 1900 has there been such a transition as that over which President Eisenhower will preside in Washington this month: in 1913, when the Democrats took over from William Howard Taft; in 1921, when Warren G. Harding was inaugurated; and in 1933, when Franklin D. Roosevelt assumed office. In 1933, Hoover and Roosevelt tried to work out a *modus vivendi* with particular reference to the banking crisis, but without success. Henry L. Stimson, the outgoing Secretary of State, conferred with his successor-designate, Cordell Hull, and with better results.

Never before has this problem been so pressing as it is in 1953. Now the difficulties are greater and the problems calling for collaboration are more numerous, more complex, and more immediate, than ever before.

The truce negotiations in Korea are at a standstill while the United Nations General Assembly is tapping its collective foot in New York, awaiting the participation of a United States delegation which speaks with authority. Our allies in the NATO organization are troubled as they wonder how far the budget-trimming commitments of the incoming administration will force revision of their own military and economic programs.

It would be calming indeed if there were some accepted and smooth-working means of transition from the old to the new administration. Unhappily there is none, and it is doubtful whether under our constitutional machinery there can be.

The shadow of Truman's budget

President Truman will cast a long shadow of influence over the first year of his successor's administration. The heart of Federal policy-making — whether in the area of foreign affairs, national defense, inflation control, or social welfare — is the Federal budget. The most powerful single individual in the executive branch of the government, save only the President himself, is the Director of the Budget. The Budget Bureau, as the President's personal, supradepartmental agency of administrative management, exercises a strong, continuing control not only over the finances of the national administration, but over its day-to-day housekeeping arrangements.

The President's annual budget and its accompanying explanatory message to the Congress are the chief instruments of this control. This message and the budget itself are sent to Congress at the opening of the session this month, almost three weeks before the inauguration of President-elect Eisenhower. Budget-making is a year-round process; the new one is begun immediately after the submission of the preceding year's budget. The new fiscal year does not commence until July 1, 1953, and runs until June 30, 1954. Thus, the estimates and recommendations for 1953–54 have been in the works for many months, and are now virtually complete.

General Eisenhower may, of course, make new and different recommendations. He may seek to alter the Truman budget after its submission and before its enactment by the Congress. Afterward, he may sequester funds already appropriated, direct the departments not to spend as authorized, and turn unexpended balances back.

Such changes in the final months will almost of necessity be of a limited character. Even with the facts brought to his attention by his financial adviser, Joseph M. Dodge, General Eisenhower simply will not have at his command the facilities for a detailed revision of his predecessor's budget.

Eisenhower's objectives

This does not mean there will be no changes, however. General Eisenhower has set as his goal a reduction of Federal spending from its present level of about 80 billions per year to a level of not more than 60 billions. This reduction the General hopes to accomplish in about two years. It is anticipated that President Truman will submit a budget calling for appropriations of about 84 billions, about the same level as last year's budget, which was cut almost 6 billions by a Democratic Congress. However, some of last year's cuts were accomplished — in the field of military appropriations — by spreading out programs already in progress, so that it will be necessary this year

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either to increase appropriations or to spread the present defense effort still thinner.

It will require a daring President to slash Pentagon estimates. Yet the fact must be faced that if there are to be savings, they must come out of the defense funds. Programs now in operation will, according to present estimates, require military appropriations of about 55 billion dollars. In addition, the existing atomic energy projects will cost about $3\frac{1}{3}$ billions. Fixed charges — that is, interest on the national debt, veterans' benefits, and other items which cannot be cut without repudiating government obligations — will require another 15 billions. This leaves about 7.5 billions for the operation of the civilian government and 2.6 billions for foreign aid.

Only a few of the so-called civil items are likely to be cut, and these cuts would not go far toward a drastic cut in budget levels. Subsidies to farmers for soil-conserving practices may be eliminated: this would save about 250 millions, and some major farm organizations have favored the elimination of these subsidies in past years. Appropriations for river and harbor development may be more drastically curtailed, though the efforts of Senator Paul Douglas to carve down this traditional "pork barrel" have not been conspicuously successful in the past.

NATO and the Pentagon

The reduction of foreign aid funds will undoubtedly be proposed, and will possess a considerable political appeal. Whether President Eisenhower will find this reduction compatible with the continued progress of NATO, so dear to his heart, is very questionable. Indeed, there are complaints from some of our most important allies that they cannot shoulder their present burdens much longer without increased American aid. France, for instance, says she cannot longer carry the load which is bleeding her in Indo-China and at the same time meet her NATO commitments without undermining the stability of her currency and her domestic economy.

General Eisenhower may look upon the Pentagon with a cold eye. Truman, for all his boldness with General MacArthur, has stood in considerable awe of the military men. Many observers, both in the Congress and in civil government, have felt that it is possible to effect economies in defense appropriations without endangering national security — or, to put it bluntly, that the country could, with more prudent civilian supervision, get the same amount of defense as now for fewer dollars. In this respect, President Eisenhower's military background and tremendous prestige may embolden him to a courage beyond that which would be possible in another President.

Sound currency, high interest

Joseph M. Dodge, General Eisenhower's financial adviser, is not a newcomer to government, having served in the occupation governments in Germany, Austria, and Japan. His reputation is that of an able administrator and of a stern deflationist. His insistence in each of the occupied countries was upon the maintenance of sound currencies at all hazards, including high taxes and the risk of unemployment.

Mr. Dodge opposes the policy of cheap money and low interest rates which has been followed for the past twenty years, and his views more nearly accord with those of Marriner S. Eccles, whom President Truman deposed as Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board because of disagreement with the monetary views of Secretary of the Treasury John Snyder. Mr. Dodge would also be unlikely to view with favor any "quickie" tax reductions such as those already advocated by Speaker-designate Joseph Martin, whose watchword was "Cut taxes first and then balance the budget."

As the President-elect's first choice for financial observation and counsel, Mr. Dodge became overnight a figure of national importance and a symbol of the lines along which General Eisenhower's mind was running.

The new cabinet

The Eisenhower cabinet, virtually complete before the General's departure for Korea, had some surprises. For the Treasury, the President-elect chose George M. Humphrey of Cleveland, Ohio, a lawyer turned industrialist.

As head of the Hanna Iron and Steel interests, Mr. Humphrey's repu-

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tation for imagination, energy, and fact-facing realism was high. Though on friendly terms with Senator Taft, Mr. Humphrey was not a "Taft man" in the conventional sense. Rather, the impetus for his selection came from Paul Hoffman, who firmly declined all proffers of official position, and from General Lucius Clay. Humphrey had done a report for ECA on the dismantling of German industry, and his work had earned the admiration of both Hoffman and Clay.

Governor Dewey, like Hoffman, decided not to enter the Eisenhower cabinet, but the designation of John Foster Dulles as Secretary of State was chalked up to Dewey's credit.

Even more important, Herbert Brownell, Mr. Dewey's long-time collaborator and intimate friend, was the new Attorney General. This would indicate a powerful Dewey influence not only on policy decision but on matters of patronage and political organization, since the largest hunk of patronage plums is now under the Attorney General's dispensation.

Mr. Brownell is far more than an experienced and adroit political manager; he is a lawyer of real distinction. In the Justice Department he will, in all probability, insist on high-class judicial appointments, strict enforcement of the criminal laws, and abstention from smelly deals. McCarthyism will find no warm welcome from Brownell.

Perhaps most significant of all was Eisenhower's choice of Charles E. Wilson of General Motors as Secretary of Defense. Wilson, a quiet-spoken administrator of great talent, is highly respected as an industrial manager — not least by his long-time antagonist and friend, Walter Reuther. Wilson's selection seemed to relegate the Defense post to a department of production and supply — the subordination of political to industrial function.

How big a broom?

How big a broom will the new administration sweep with in matters of personnel? Demand for Federal patronage is less pressing than in the depression days of 1933. In many of the government agencies, qualified men have been hard to find for the past several years. Again, the great

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majority of appointive posts are protected by the civil service laws; for the occupants of these posts, speedy removal without cause will be impossible. Of the 2.6 million government employees, probably not more than 12,000 at the most will be subject to arbitrary removal and political replacement, and even among these are many nonpolitical career men who will doubtless remain at their posts. This does not mean that things will remain the same. Among the places open are those for the key policy-making officials in all the Federal departments and agencies.

The so-called independent agencies — the Securities and Exchange Commission, the National Labor Relations Board, the Civil Aeronautics Board, the Federal Communications Commission, and their sisters — have suffered a steady ebb of vitality and effectiveness. The causes of this decline are not easy to assess. There is a seeming tendency of regulatory agencies, after a period of crusading youth, to adopt an attitude ever more protective and paternal toward the regulated interest.

The Power Commission has twice changed its mind as to Federal power over the natural gas industry, owing largely to the refusal of the Senate to confirm one of Mr. Truman's appointees. When the Federal Communications Commission determined television policies, it was sometimes hard to know just who was in charge of the operation.

There is a widespread agreement that the structure and operation of these semiautonomous bodies call for a long look and strong medicine. In 1937, President Roosevelt's Committee on Administrative Management recommended a substantial strengthening of Presidential control. Its recommendations went unheeded. Today, many who were skeptical then have been converted.

Some would go so far as to urge almost complete integration of the independent agencies into the regular executive departments — or at least the substitution of single-headed for multi-headed agencies. Such extreme surgery would meet with stubborn Congressional resistance. But President Eisenhower's great popularity might, in his honeymoon period, overcome this opposition.

President Eisenhower must also consider the need to improve relationships between the White House and the Congress. F.D.R., throughout his administration, suffered increasing difficulty with Congressional relationships, and in the Truman administration there has been almost a total breakdown.

Those who sponsored the Legislative Reorganization Act pinned their hopes on certain mechanical devices — Congressional policy committees and the Kefauver proposal for virtual nonvoting membership in the Congress by cabinet members. Inevitably, however, such devices move in the direction of a semiparliamentary government, which, however attractive to academic students of American government, has never caught the popular fancy or appealed strongly to practical politicians.

Perhaps the techniques of coöperation cannot be enshrined in legislative formularies but must be hammered out in the day-to-day processes of political give-and-take.

Mood of the Capital

Signs of diminishing pressure on the inflation front were abundant. The cost of living, while high as a cat's back, had fallen a bit for two successive months. New productive capacity, in steel, in aluminum, and in other areas of the economy, was beginning to make itself felt. There was little talk of shortages. World commodity prices were softening and had been doing so for months.

Farm prices had perceptibly declined. Huge grain crops had poured into cribs and bins; once more a bounteous harvest had proved the best of all weapons against inflation. Meat, always a sensitive sector on the cost-of-living battle line, was down in price and up in quantity. OPS had decontrolled more than half the items in the market place, and many others were selling below ceiling prices.

In a few localities, especially New England, there was unemployment and economic forecasters talked of a recession in 1954, or even late in 1953. But while the prospects for holding the line against inflation were good, it was hard to foresee a recession so long as government spending continued at a high rate.

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Israel

It is the peculiar tragedy of Chaim Weizmann that while he was the architect of Israel, the working drawings were Ben-Gurion's. From the emergence of the state in 1948, modern Israel's first President had no effective control of its destinies. The brilliant chemist, whose research sustained the British offensive of World War I and won the gratitude of the Lloyd George Government, ended his long and fruitful career in semiretirement, honored, revered, and politically ignored.

His autobiography, *Trial and Error*, is the handbook of Zionism, a journal of Weizmann's long, bitter, complicated struggle for Jewish political equality and human coexistence. It takes the self-styled "Jew from Motol" from his modest beginnings in a Russian village through the growth of the Zionist organization, on to a professorship at the University of Manchester and to the historic Balfour Declaration, which began a quarter century of strife and progress under the British Mandate in Palestine.

Israelis concede that the new state came into being too late for its founder. Statehood was gained through war and under fire; Weizmann abhorred bloodshed as a violation of the Jewish heritage. And the hard fact of Israel's sovereignty was less attributable to Weizmann's diplomacy than to Ben-Gurion's military daring and political realism.

The President's death had long been held imminent, and his last years were plagued by growing infirmities. Prime Minister Ben-Gurion's eulogy anticipates his place in history — "the greatest after Herzl." (Theodore Herzl was the founder and spiritual father of Zionism.) The passing of Weizmann focuses attention on the situation of Israel today. How far has the new state come in four and a half years, and what are its prospects?

The struggle for survival

Israel is now engaged in an intense struggle for survival, however affirmative the reports of progress. The heady tonic of independence has worn off and the difficult, monotonous routine of consolidation has set in. Her problems, both internal and external, while probably not insuperable, are ubiquitous and gigantic.

There is no one overriding problem. There are large social, economic, and political questions which cannot be passed off as the normal concomitants of growth. Free immigration — the "ingathering of the exiles" — has been a keystone of the Ben-Gurion administration's policy.

In 1952, as a result of economic pressure from within and political change abroad, the flood of immigrants was slowed to a trickle. Officially, the doors are still open; practically, they are only ajar, for the newcomers have imposed a heavy burden on the young republic and have literally transformed its character. The feeding, clothing, and housing of the immigrants and their constructive absorption into the life of the country have imperiled the economy, overtaxed the skills and capacities of foremen and teachers, and drastically lowered the standard of living.

The last "wave" of immigration, bringing Jews from Morocco, Iraq, and Yemen, has wrought a further, profound change. For the first time since the Jews received a homeland in Palestine, Orientals now outnumber Europeans. Since a Lithuanian Jew is about as far removed from a Yemenite, ethnically and environmentally, as a Texan is from an Arab, the successful amalgamation of divergent social groups represents a serious challenge.

The chameleon character of Israeli politics continues to hamper the development of the state. In 1951, after dissolving his government in protest against the "religious bloc," Ben-Gurion found that the electorate once again would not give his Mapai (Socialist) party a clear majority, so that he was thrown back into an uneasy coalition with a minority group who are the unpopular advocates of a ritualistic, theocratic practice of government.

Ben-Gurion has now split again with the religious bloc and has dissolved the coalition, so that the wheels of legislation have ground to a standstill. The French have a phrase for it — *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*

Weizmann's death, coupled with the passing of several of Ben-Gurion's cabinet members and closest

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advisers within the past year — notably the brilliant Finance Minister, Eliezer Kaplan — has seriously depleted Israel's shallow reservoir of leadership. The early Zionists, occupying positions of eminence and responsibility, are aging men, and there has been insufficient time to give the requisite training and experience to the succeeding generation.

Germany pays a debt

On the economic front, Israel has reached what an American adviser calls "the critical stage." Her trade balance in the first half of 1952 was appreciably worse than in the previous year, the adverse gap between imports and exports having widened by some 30 per cent. If, as it has sometimes been suggested, Israel believes in government by miracles, then the latest miracle is the restitution agreement with Bonn, whereby the West German government, upon ratification, will pay Israel some $700 million in goods over a period of years, as reparation for the mistreatment and material damage suffered by the Jews under the Nazis.

While it is recognized that the German payments come to the rescue of the economy at its lowest ebb, opinion is sharply divided on the issue of effective disposition. Should the payments be utilized for investment in long-term benefits or to ease the present crisis? The latter course is tempting in the light of the grave shortages which exist in almost every conceivable commodity. The austerity program, involving the strictest rationing of food, clothing, and consumer products, continues relentlessly. So great is its severity that the country's productive capacity is threatened by inadequate worker nutrition, the morale of the people goes ever lower, and the black market — actual and psychological — grows apace.

The German reparations bring new hope along with material relief. In some quarters it is felt that Israel will now have the funds and time with which to stabilize her economy; elsewhere the reasoning is that this is stopgap assistance at best, and no substitute for internal development and enterprise.

American aid—how much?

American aid, so indispensable at the outset, is still a crucial factor in Israel's economic dilemma. Having observed political and philanthropic storm warnings, the country has reason to wonder whether it may count on the continuance of grants-in-aid, bond purchases, private investments and contributions, at the high levels thus far established.

Israelis are apprehensive that the new American government will not be as generous as the Truman administration, and that the purchase of Israel bonds in quantity will detract from American philanthropic support. In this situation, a ranking American official has said that economic disaster can be averted only if *all* the elements of American aid to Israel, both public and private, remain in force, working without reserve and in complete harmony.

There is widespread concern over the sharp decline of tourism during 1952. Israel, to be sure, is not the tourist's paradise; and at this moment of preoccupation with the country's internal growth, marked by austere living and serious attention to business, Israel hardly considers herself in competition with the legendary pleasure spots of the Mediterranean. But Palestine *is* the Holy Land; besides, there are thousands of Jews the world over who have long dreamed of a Jewish homeland and who now wish to see the dream that has come true.

Jerusalem, of course, is the Zionist's Mecca, so that Israel is a powerful magnet for the dedicated tourist. Practically speaking, American Jews constitute the bulk of Israel's tourist trade and are its principal target because of the urgent need for dollars.

At the moment, there is only one large, first-class hotel in all of Israel; several more are under construction in and near Tel-Aviv and should be ready in time for the new tourist season this spring.

But geographical remoteness, heat, and the strict limitations on food and entertainment are factors militating against the success of the tourist program. Also, for many American Jews who travel widely, Israel is a curiosity, a place to be visited but not — like Paris, Switzerland, or the Riviera — to be revisited. As tourism is an important element in the drive for foreign currency, the experts are pondering the decline in volume, and

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the newspapers have been full of suggestions for travelers.

Any hope of oil?

In the realm of long-range economic progress, there are more encouraging signs. The twin phenomena of new construction and new industrial enterprises continue to amaze the foreign observer. There has been an appreciable slowdown in building during the past year, principally because of the lag in purchase and shipment of building materials from abroad. Yet it seems that almost daily a cornerstone is being laid or a new plant opened.

In the southern desert, copper mining is being stepped up, and extensive new chemical deposits have been found. Most tantalizing is the prospect of oil. An American geological survey has given the Israelis some hope that there is oil to be found beneath the sands of the Negev, and a joint Israeli-American drilling agreement is being concluded. The discovery of oil in quantity would be the latest and greatest of the miracles of modern Israel, and would transform the economy overnight.

In the last analysis, however, the only real panacea for Israel's complicated afflictions is peace with her neighbors. No amount of American and German aid, no thousands of tourists, no drilling and mining, represent the same boon to Israel as a peace treaty with the Arab states and the reopening of the borders.

Israel is throttled by her enemies, not so much from the standpoint of blockade as in denial of trade. Israel cannot produce within her borders the wherewithal to feed, clothe, and equip her swollen population, whereas raw materials exist in abundance in the neighboring countries. Israel is handicapped by the artificiality of long-distance imports and exports. The adjacent Arab states are a natural and fruitful market for Israeli finished goods, which are being produced in ever-increasing quantity. And the excessive costs of military preparedness have stretched an overexpanded national budget to the breaking point.

Israel turns to Egypt

At present, the attitude of Western observers on the chances for peace in the Middle East is one of guarded optimism. Where a break in the solid Arab wall of antagonism might have been expected in Jordan prior to the assassination of King Abdullah, the hopes of peace-minded Israeli leaders now turn on Egypt.

The coup of General Naguib and his young officers presages the kind of social, political, and economic reform which is more in tune with the Israeli brand of democracy than the feudal practices of the Arab absentee landlords. Moreover, Naguib's visits to Egyptian synagogues on Jewish holidays have prompted wide speculation. The gesture is considered less conciliatory than symbolic, but Naguib has not made political capital, in the traditional Arab manner, by excoriating Israel.

On the other side, Ben-Gurion has made one important speech affirming Israel's desire for peace, directed obviously toward Naguib. Israel has conceded that she must share in the responsibility for resettling the Palestinian Arab refugees and has unfrozen approximately one quarter of their blocked accounts. She has also expressed new willingness to approach the problem of peace step by step.

Finally, Israel covets a place in the Middle East defense organization planned by the Western powers, and knows that she cannot participate while at war with members of the same alliance.

On the debit side, American aid to Israel and the implied favoritism of the Truman administration have long been a thorn in the Arab side, and the German reparations agreement has added insult to injury. General Naguib has even taken the initiative by heading up the Arab states' strong protest to Bonn, with the attendant inference of a stoppage of Arab-German trade.

It is generally inadvisable, too, for any Arab leader, in the unstable political environment in which he finds himself, to express a tempered view of the Palestine problem. A leading Western diplomat says that the greatest obstacle to a peaceful settlement is the Arab "diplomacy of assassination," which effectively silences each moderate voice as it is raised, and has included two enlightened leaders, Abdullah and Razmara, among its victims.

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An Atlantic *Public Interest* Advertisement

This statement deals with the operations and policies of one of the major companies engaged in the international oil business. It is adapted from an article published in The Lamp, *magazine of Standard Oil Company (New Jersey), primarily for the information of stockholders and employees. It is presented here in the belief that the current interest in the foreign activities of American business and the importance of oil to the world economic and social fabric make the subject one of concern to a larger audience.*

JERSEY ABROAD

A Statement by

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (NEW JERSEY)

No more than thirty years ago there was doubt whether Americans would have any share at all in developing the great oil resources of the Middle East. Their present extensive participation in the development of foreign resources has only been brought about through years of negotiation in the face of rapidly changing and often difficult conditions.

It has been fortunate for the world that these supplies have been made available. Since the close of World War II, the demand for oil has risen at an unprecedented rate as the world has turned more and more to petroleum as a source of energy.

On top of these expanding needs, the world oil industry has had to meet one emergency situation after another: the unexpected growth of liquid fuel demand at home, the pace of European recovery, mounting defense needs, the war in Korea, the shutting down of the world's largest refinery at Abadan in Iran. Each situation has tested the resourcefulness of petroleum suppliers.

Foreign Oil and National Security

The discovery and development of foreign oil has also been fortunate for the United States from the standpoint of national security.

For military needs, U.S. domestic supplies have been supplemented from foreign sources: in World War I, by oil from Mexico; in World War II, by oil from Venezuela and, in the later stages, by Middle East oil.

Today, imports from abroad are helping to supplement U.S. oil reserves. The United States is no longer a net exporter of oil, but has become a net importer. Sensible use of foreign oil leaves the United States with that much more in the "bank of oil reserves," with that much more to face uncertain conditions ahead.

Then, too, modern defense logistics have already resulted in the establishment of far-flung forward sea and air bases. Tanker hauls, as World War II proved, are an important consideration in such logistics. U.S. bases abroad can often best be supplied by sources far from our shores. Oil from Iran served this function in World War II. But now that Iran can no longer be counted on, it is fortunate that oil sources in Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, and other Middle East areas have been developed to the point where they can take the place of Iranian oil.

From Potential Resource to Real Value

Petroleum was deposited aeons ago over the face of the earth quite irrespective of the location of the nations which depend on it today for energy. To search out these deposits, develop them, and bring their products to market has required the development of scientific and highly specialized business enterprises. They are enterprises which have required initiative, special skills, and the creation of intricate industrial mechanisms of many kinds.

In the United States, anyone with sufficient credit to hire a rig and negotiate a lease, whether

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he is a citizen of this country or not, can go out and drill for oil; for usually subsoil mineral rights belong to the owner of the land, and he may dispose of them as he sees fit.

This is not true of most other lands, where, with few exceptions, mineral rights belong to the government.

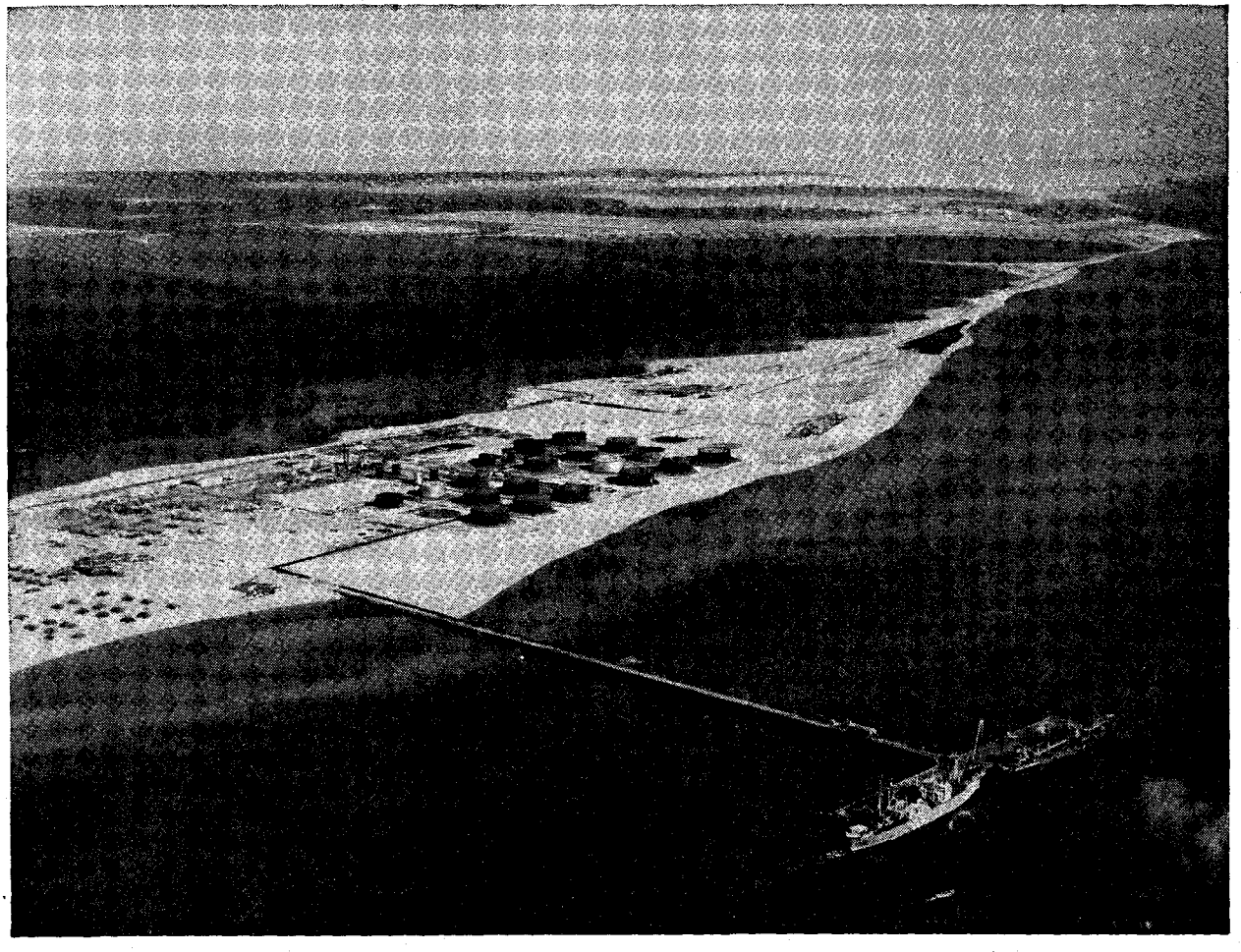
Large-scale Enterprise Needed

To these governments potential oil deposits are of vital interest. If discovered, oil is an important and often major source of revenue. It is natural for them to seek assurance of large-scale, prompt, and efficient development of such resources. For this reason they usually let their concessions for oil development over a large area to one company or to a single enterprise in which several companies have joined. The commitment to develop oil resources on such a large scale requires an outlay of capital far beyond the resources of the lone wildcatter and often beyond the resources of a single large company.

In Saudi Arabia, for example, the first concession was obtained by Standard Oil Company of California alone. Later, as the development grew, Standard of California was joined by The Texas Company.

As the enterprise continued to grow Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) and Socony-Vacuum Oil Company also joined in participation, the former to the extent of 30 per cent, the latter 10 per cent.

To date, a total of more than $500 million has been spent in developing Saudi Arabian oil. This investment has been necessary both to find and produce the oil itself and to provide many types



SAUDI ARABIA: The Ras Tanura refinery, built by the joint enterprise of several American oil companies, supplies the countries of Europe with petroleum products vital to their security.

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of installations and transportation systems. Among the latter has been one of the great engineering achievements of our time, the building of a pipeline across more than 1000 miles of empty desert from the Arabian oil fields to the eastern Mediterranean.

Only by putting this investment to work in record time has it been possible to raise the output of Saudi Arabian fields from 160,000 barrels a day in 1946 to more than 850,000 barrels daily in 1952 — thus making available a greatly needed addition to world oil supply.

There are other reasons why large aggregations of capital are essential to foreign oil operations. Great risks must be assumed in the search for oil. Even after extensive exploration no one can say for sure that the oil is there until the derrick has been set up, the hole drilled, the pipe put down, and the well brought in.

A Jersey affiliate, for example, spent $15 million in Egypt and found only an uneconomic trickle of oil. Jersey and Shell, in a joint exploration venture, spent years and millions of dollars in a futile search for oil in Ecuador. Iraq Petroleum Company has spent millions of dollars in Lebanon, Syria, Palestine, and other regions without finding oil.

Even where oil is finally found in commercial quantities, the discovery is often preceded by years of unfruitful and costly search. Jersey's Canadian affiliate, to name just one instance, carried on the search unsuccessfully for twenty-five years, drilling 134 dry holes at a cost of some $23 million, before the first flowing well was brought in and development of the great new reserves of western Canada began early in 1947.

Obviously, only companies having resources large enough to offset losses with successful ventures elsewhere can take such great chances as those we have mentioned.

Since negotiations, exploration, and development work often spread out over long periods of time — sometimes over decades — the job of getting commercial quantities of oil, the risks of war and political upheavals must be added to the purely financial ones.

Nor do large expenditures cease with the finding and development of oil deposits. Transport facilities and installations of many kinds, including costly refineries and pipelines, have to be built before the oil in usable form finally reaches the consumer.

Private Capital and World Progress

Through building up a long-term record of fair return, international oil companies have become economic instruments through which private capital can be funneled into the development of foreign oil resources.

This contributes to the stability and progress of other nations, while adding strategically to our national security.

A special Senate committee investigating petroleum resources in 1947 had this to say about the benefits to foreign countries from the investments of American oil companies: —

"The prospect of improved living standards abroad is further enhanced by the manifold benefits to foreign countries through the very presence of the American oil investment therein. Likewise the social and educational benefits, resulting from the American investment and the policies of the companies, are manifold. . . . Thousands of the nationals of these countries find welcome employment, skilled and unskilled, by the oil companies, and other thousands find employment indirectly as the result of such large-scale operations. Homes, hospitals, schools, highways, port works, power and light plants, telephones and telegraph lines, airports, water wells, facilities for drainage, irrigation, sanitation, etc., have been constructed in many parts of the world where they have been rarities."

The report of President Truman's Materials Policy Commission cites Venezuela as "a particularly striking example. . . . The government's foreign exchange earnings from oil amount to about $500 million annually, providing over 90 per cent of the country's exchange earnings, and 60 per cent of government revenue is derived from oil."

Exporting an Economic Idea

Jersey seeks constantly to have its foreign affiliates stand among the peoples of other lands as working examples of free competitive enterprise.

This is not always easy. Many countries regard the limiting of competition by government regula-

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tion as the best way to do business, a point of view very different from that held in the United States. Moreover, petroleum laws in some countries contain restrictive provisions designed to assure wise use of this resource. The conservation and proration statutes in the United States are an example. Jersey, of course, conforms to and supports such laws.

Although Jersey affiliates abroad must conform to local laws and customs, they have been able to make progress over the years for the American concept of free enterprise by maintaining a position against restrictions.

In 1928, Jersey was one of five American oil companies which, with the active support of the State Department, won for the first time the right of Americans to participate in development of Middle East oil.

The undertaking was to a degree restrictive in nature, for the participating companies were bound by a pact that none of them would act independently in the production or refining of crude oil within an area marked by a red line on the map. The pact, the provisions of which have been widely published, came to be known as the "Red Line Agreement."

Only by submitting to that condition were the American companies able to gain a foothold in Middle East oil development.

After World War II, however, Jersey was able to become free of this restrictive agreement and to participate in another Middle East oil development through the Arabian American Oil Company.

Although the large units engaged in the foreign oil business often join together for the production of oil, for reasons previously described, competition among them for the world markets remains keen.

Oil taken by a participant in a joint undertaking, such as Iraq Petroleum Company or Arabian American Oil Company, for example, becomes competitive with the oil which is taken by another participant as soon as it is pumped into a tanker at a Middle East terminal to be carried to consuming areas. This competitive condition continues through the many stages of transport and processing, right up to the consumer.

Moreover, any oil from the Middle East must compete in the world not only with other Middle East oil, but with oil from Texas, Venezuela, or other producing areas.

A Record of Achievement

Large-scale overseas enterprises have had to proceed without charts. American oil companies have had to find their own way as best they could. They have had to be flexible enough to conduct their business amid constantly changing situations and conflicting viewpoints.

Paramount among those viewpoints have been those of the people and the government of the United States, the land of their incorporation.

The Jersey company takes pride in the record of its operations in the public interest, of its contribution to the stability and progress of the modern world through the efficient and scientific development of a valuable resource.

In those operations, the company has been guided, and is guided today, by certain broad principles: —

Jersey is against cartels, and all such restrictive arrangements, including those which would control prices or allocate markets.

Jersey conducts its business affairs in an open and straightforward way.

Jersey is careful to inform interested departments of government of significant moves in the foreign field.

Jersey advocates vigorous competition as the best way of doing business anywhere in the world.

Jersey believes that the free flow of goods and of services among nations is essential to world progress.

Jersey believes that its business must contribute to the economic development of all countries where it has interests.

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ATLANTIC Reparte

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"Living Beyond Our Means"

SIR:

Paul Hoffman's acute analysis of our economic plight ("Living Beyond Our Means," November *Atlantic*) was a welcome change from the usual partisan diatribes and seemed to highlight one of the most outstanding issues you've ever put out.

To those who continually make political capital of our fabulously high Federal expenditures, it must come as a rude shock that war and the preparation for war are the big costs, and not corruption. Inefficiency and graft do exist, and both are intolerable. But if we're talking economy, and if we're really interested in keeping America on a sound financial footing, we'd better recognize the culprit for what it is: the cold war.

When almost 60 out of 80 billions go for the military machine, that would seem the obvious place to cut down. There is no question but that we should be getting more for our defense dollar. Personnel and matériel procedures leave a great deal to be desired. However, increased governmental efficiency in and out of the defense establishment could hardly save more than 10 or 12 billions, roughly. The real answer to our problem lies elsewhere.

Even if we were *getting* maximum value on every dollar spent on armament, it's still not a sound investment. We labor today in the hope that our military might will deter the aggressor; but the winner of the cold war will be the nation that can gain the support of the uncommitted peoples of the world. In Europe, the Middle East, Asia, and South America, millions have not yet jumped onto either bandwagon. They represent potential manpower, industrial might, natural resources, and moral force. The camp into which those people march will win in a walkaway.

Right now, they're watching us and the Kremlin closely. Our pouring of billions into weapons doesn't do much to help feed, clothe, or educate them. Our support of colonialism in their back yards, for the sake of military expediency, doesn't inspire love for us. In other words, our continued emphasis on the "realistic" policy of power politics is driving those uncommitted peoples into the arms of the Kremlin. We're losing the cold war by default.

What America needs is a double-barreled foreign policy. We must of course stay strong, but our enemies can keep pace with us on that score all too easily. At the same time, we must offer more technical assistance, strive to strengthen the UN into a world federal government, and lead the fight on colonialism and intolerance. We need to move dramatically, yet doggedly, to sell peace and prosperity to the world. For that purpose, bombers and submarines are not good advertising — in addition to being very expensive.

LT. DAVID SINGER, USNR
U.S.S. Newport News
FPO, N.Y.

I Personally—

SIR:

In "A Little Learning" (November *Atlantic*), President Whitney Griswold of Yale, quoting the National Education Association, asserts that there are a hundred thousand dangerously unprepared teachers in the elementary grades alone. He does not elaborate upon their effects.

Perhaps he does not know. Few people bother to visit the schools. Let me report the seamy side of what I myself have observed.

Flustered and apologetic, their voices shrill, some teachers lack emotional stability themselves so badly they could not possibly give it to the children in their classrooms. And the effects of their personalities and feelings are reflected mirror-clear in the actions and attitudes of their pupils. A kindergartner meekly sucking his thumb; a fourth-grader biting his nails down to the quick; the interminable writhing and twisting at desks, like ants on a newly turned hill, as normally active bodies resign themselves to dull sitting; the monosyllabic sentences typical of children at a much earlier stage of development; the eager, relieved jostling at the end of a period or day — the proportion of classes like this is probably higher than one out of six.

This isn't healthy. But with one out of two teachers inadequately educated and one out of six "dangerous to the mental and emotional health of America's youth"; with curricula and materials often grossly inappropriate to pupil needs; with classrooms overcrowded by the greatest population wave in our school history — with such things, what chance has a child for the full growth we should like him to experience in school?

I suggest that we spend far less for armaments, much more for the bodies, minds, and hearts of our children.

LOUIS R. WARD
Purdue University
West Lafayette, Ind.

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SIR:

"A Little Learning" is one of the most enjoyable and concise articles on the teaching problem I have read in a long time.

Since I am in my second year of college, here at Bemidji State Teachers College, I heartily endorse Mr. Griswold's exposure of the teaching profession's low salaries.

In fact, after doing a little research on my own before reading the article, I have decided not to enter this profession, for the reasons stated by Mr. Griswold.

It is ironical to compare a teacher's salary with a bricklayer's. It is still more ironical to remember that a bricklayer gets paid while he is learning his trade.

Other phases of a teacher's life seem to point out that the wise young man will not enter the teaching profession if he wishes to have some financial security during his life.

And yet the American public has the gall to pay these low salaries and lament at what it gets.

Surely nothing is of greater importance than the education of tomorrow's citizens.

JIM LOGSDON
Bemidji, Minn.

SIR:

Shortly after the arrival of the 29th Infantry Division in England in the autumn of 1942, some of us had time out on a rainy Saturday afternoon to witness a game of Rugby between two British Army teams. Like Allen Jackson, I came away with the impression that "Rugby Is a Better Game" (November *Atlantic*). Certainly it requires more stamina on the part of the player, and the audience is not bored by the interminable delays and substitutions common to the American variety of football.

Thereafter the troops were encouraged to try their hand at the game, but they were not able to get the feel of it. I suppose one must grow up with it, as in baseball, to be really proficient.

DAMER MCKENRICK
Baltimore, Md.

SIR:

I was very happy to find an Atlantic Report on Czechoslovakia in the November issue of your magazine. I read that article with much interest and I believe that it would have been one of the best if it had been complete. It was a serious mistake not to mention one thing which is widely known here and abroad: the Underground, which so wonderfully operates in that unfortunate country.

Only on October 13, 1952, the Czechoslovak government presented a note of protest to the U.S. Embassy at Prague. In that note this Committee and the Slovak Underground are prominently mentioned, because what they do hurts that regime seriously.

V. STEFAN KRAJCOVIC, *Chairman*
National Committee for
Liberation of Slovakia
Washington, D.C.

The Story of Licorice

SIR:

In the excellent and very interesting advertisement about licorice in the November *Atlantic* there is an error that is due to the complexities of medical terminology. This mistake occurs on page 25, in the statement, "Research projects are now under way in this country and in Europe to test the properties of licorice and some of its derivatives in combating Addison's disease, a form of anemia which has long baffled medical science."

Addison's disease is not a form of anemia but a disease of the suprarenal gland. The anemia known as pernicious anemia is called Addisonian anemia. However, Addisonian anemia is not treated by licorice extracts, but Addison's disease (destruction of the suprarenal cortex by disease or tumor) is. Licorice extracts may thus in time supplant the use of the more expensive suprarenal hormone extracts.

To add to the confusion, anemia also occurs in Addison's disease, but this anemia is secondary to the condition, in the same way that anemia is secondary to many diseases.

M. T. BOLOTIN, M.D.
Los Angeles, Calif.

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GEORGE GREEN

for "The Orchard Ladder" in the October issue

Second Prize of $250 awarded to

GEORGE BLUESTONE

for "A Needle and a Thimble" in the June issue

In 1946 the *Atlantic* announced an annual contest for *Atlantic* "Firsts" — short stories by unestablished authors who are making their first appearance in our pages. We pay for these stories at our top fee, and each year the editors award prizes for those of special distinction.

During the past seven years close to 15,000 manuscripts have been submitted as *Atlantic* "Firsts," and of this huge field the *Atlantic* has published 63 stories and has given prizes to the following writers: —

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Carl Moon
Donald Greene
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Twelve *Atlantic* "Firsts" have been reprinted in the O. Henry Memorial collections, seven have appeared in *The Best American Short Stories*, and fifteen books by these same authors have been published or are now on press.

Our search for new writers is as keen as ever. Manuscripts submitted as *Atlantic* "Firsts" may run from 2000 to 10,000 words, and should have the words "*Atlantic First*" on the title page.

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The year after he came down from Oxford, ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE *was a student in the British Archeological School at Athens. His sojourn in Greece had this effect: in the Athens cafés he became aware of current international affairs; and as he worked on the ruins of ancient civilizations, he began to ponder upon their relationship to our time. In 1915 Mr. Toynbee entered the service of the British Government; in 1925 he became Research Professor of International History at the University of London. Meantime his books were taking shape. In 1922 he jotted down on a half sheet of writing paper his bold original design for* A Study of History *and he has been writing at it ever since. Six volumes have already been published and there are more to come.*

MEN MUST CHOOSE

by ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE

IN OUR day we are living through a change in the scale of human affairs that is moving almost too fast for us to keep track of it. Within the year a jet plane has flown from India to Britain in twenty-four hours; and it is difficult now to recall our thrill when, at some date between the wars, the first plane made the same journey in seven days. The writer of this article, who is sixty-three years old, used, as a child, to listen to a great-uncle of his, who had commanded an East Indiaman and had never served on anything but a sailing ship, describing a voyage — on which he was carrying troops from England to India in the year of the Indian Mutiny — in which it had taken him not hours or days, but months, to make the journey from the Thames to the Hooghly under sail round the Cape.

The Constitution of the United States allowed four months for an elected President to wind up his affairs in his home in Georgia or New Hampshire and then make the long ride to Washington. At the date when the Constitution was drafted, land communications were still much what they had been at the date in the sixth century B.C. when Darius organized the Persian Empire. At both dates, riding on horseback was the fastest means available for covering the ground; and in Darius's Persian Empire, as in George Washington's United States, it was a three months' journey from the border — say from Ephesus, on the shore of the Aegean Sea — to the capital at Susa in the neighborhood of the South Persian oil field, near the head of the Persian Gulf.

Well, what is the size, today, of a United States that has expanded physically in the meantime from coast to coast? In the human terms in which we measure distance by our ability to "annihilate" it, a United States extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific is no larger today than the Persian Empire's pygmy contemporary Attica. In Darius's day the Athenians gave themselves a democratic government in which every citizen participated, not through an elected representative, but in his own person; and this direct form of democracy was feasible in the Attica of 508 B.C. because the country was small enough for every citizen, even if his home lay in the most remote of the border districts, to reach the capital and cast his vote within the day.

In 1952 the United States is just about that Attic size; for in 1952 any American citizen can reach Washington within the day from any section, while conversely a President domiciled in the White House, or a presidential candidate encamped at Springfield, Illinois, or at Denver, Colorado, can travel within the day to any spot in the United

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States where he may choose to make a speech. Of course, in America today all this traveling is done by air, whereas your Athenian in the sixth century B.C. had to do his traveling on foot; but this technological difference in the means of locomotion is immaterial from the human point of view. In terms of human geography the United States A.D. 1952 is a country of the same scale as Attica in 508 B.C. in the pertinent sense of being a country in which no section is more than a day's journey from the capital.

Indeed, there is a sense in which the United States today is humanly far smaller than Cleisthenes' Attica was — is no larger, in fact, than the room in which the notes for this paper were being written at Princeton, New Jersey. Without stirring from that room, the writer could listen in and look in at Chicago while world history, as well as American history, was being made at the Republican and Democratic conventions there. Instead of having to attend the conventions in the flesh, he could make the conventions attend on him over the radio just by turning a knob on a gadget; and people all over the world on those same days were bringing these American conventions into their rooms over the radio, because by this time the world had become so small that American politics had come to be a matter of life and death for the whole of mankind.

2

This latest change in the scale of human affairs has shrunk — and, in shrinking, it has simplified — the human geography of the globe. Every land and sea has suffered a sensational reduction in scale. The former English Channel, which was still an effective strategic obstacle as recently as 1940, has now become almost invisible as the jet plane streaks across it. The British Isles have been reduced to the former dimensions, and been parked in the former location, of what used to be called the Channel Islands. North America has succeeded to Britain's former role of being an island moored close off the western shore of a continent from which "the Channel" — as we must now learn to call the former Atlantic Ocean — no longer insulates either the estuary of the St. Lawrence or the Bulge of Brazil. But "a" continent is now a solecism; for today there is only one continent — the one that stretches from the west shore of the Bering Straits to the east shore of the Straits of Dakar — and there also is only one ocean, the Pacific. Even the Pacific, when one thinks of it, is no longer the ocean that it once was, now that Admiral Nimitz has discovered the "know-how" for conducting naval operations right across the breadth of this salt-water pond as if there were no such thing as the date line.

Thus the mechanical means of transport that we have been inventing during these last 150 years have changed the world's human geography almost out of recognition. What are the human consequences of this technologically engineered human revolution likely to be? We may gain some inkling of them by looking at the sequels to previous revolutions of the kind; for this is not the first time that a revolutionary change of scale has suddenly overtaken human affairs. There was a comparable change about four centuries before our day, as a result of the fifteenth-century Portuguese invention of an ocean-going sailing ship. And, before that, there was a change of the same kind in the seventeenth century B.C., as a result of the Central Asian invention of domesticating the horse and harnessing him to a wheeled vehicle. What were the human consequences of a technological revolution in these two cases, in which history already knows the end as well as the beginning of the story?

Any revolution in the means of communication is apt to become the cause, if it is not the effect, of a general revolution in technology; and a general revolution in technology is bound to bring with it a change in the scale of economic, and therefore of military and political, operations.

On the political plane, one regular effect of technological revolutions in the past has been to dwarf the states of the previous standard caliber by overshadowing them with new giant communities geared to the new scale of human operations. On the eve of the fifteenth-century invention of the ocean-faring sailing ship, the standard states of our Western world were city-states such as Venice, Genoa, Florence, Milan, Nuremberg, and Ghent. As a result of a Portuguese technological achievement, the standard scale of state suddenly jumped from the city-state class to the nation-state class. Portugal, Spain, France, Britain, the Netherlands — from the sixteenth century till within our own lifetime this string of nation-states along the Atlantic seaboard of the Old World dominated the globe with their shipping, their commerce, their manufactures, their emigrants, and their empires; and now, within our lifetime, we have seen these nation-states go the way of Venice and Florence. The invention of the aeroplane has put down these West European nation-states from their seat and has exalted the United States and the Soviet Union. In an air age the standard state must be one of a supranational caliber, and in our mid-twentieth-century world there are only two states that fill this bill.

But, at the pace at which an ever more rapidly advancing technology is now "annihilating distance," will even the Soviet Union and the United States be massive enough to stay the course? Our age is not merely an air age; it is also an atom-bomb age. In a world in which human hands wield this weapon, is there a future for any state short of a world-state? For only a world-state can put

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the atom bomb out of action by monopolizing the possession of it; and only a political dispensation that is capable of putting the atom bomb out of action can give mankind the means of saving itself from "genosuicide."

3

History is now moving at a rapidly accelerating speed. What is the moral?

One moral is that, in such times above all, the penalty for looking back and lingering is the fate that overtook Lot's wife. At the turn of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the Italian city-states were collectively preponderant over all the rest of the Western world in population, technical ability, and wealth. Individually, though, a Venice or a Milan was a dwarf compared with the gigantic new nation-states — France, Spain, and the rest — that were now suddenly arising all around; and, after the danger threatening Italy from these new "barbarians" had been advertised by the Italian states' impotence to cope with the French invasion of Italy in 1494, Machiavelli, in the last chapter of *The Prince*, put it to the Italians that they were now confronted with a choice between uniting and going under. In the end, the Italians did take the great Florentine statesman's advice, but not till they had waited for four centuries. Machiavelli died in 1527; Florence joined Piedmont and Milan in constituting a new national Kingdom of Italy in 1861.

In the meantime, a still disunited Italy had paid for her dilatoriness by becoming the battlefield of Europe instead of continuing to be Europe's countinghouse and workshop; and, even when she did at last unite, she did this too late to save her situation. If Italy had brought herself to unite in 1493, she would have been the dominant national state in the Western world throughout the modern age. As it was, she achieved, through her tardy union, nothing but an admission to the lowest place on the list of powers of the nation-state caliber at a stage when the days of such mere nation-states were already numbered.

We can read the same story in the history of the city-states of Ancient Greece; for the warning which the medieval Italian city-states received from Machiavelli was given to the Greek city-states by statesmen whose insight was as clear as his. A fourth-century Athenian Isocrates urged union upon Greek city-states that were being overshadowed by a rising Kingdom of Macedon; a third-century Aetolian Agelaus urged it upon them again when they were being overshadowed by a rising Roman Empire. Each time, the Greeks hesitated and delayed; and the penalty which overtook them was their unification — by conquest instead of by mutual agreement — in a Roman world-state to which, at this stage, the Greeks found themselves compelled to submit as the only alternative to annihilation.

These historical precedents are prophetic warnings to us in our day. They will be Jeremiads for us if we ignore them; but they can equally well be good tidings of salvation for us if we take them to heart and act upon them in time, without lingering and looking backward towards a past which — however homesick for it we may be — has been relegated to ancient history by a revolutionary change of scale that has been the consequence of a contemporary revolution in technology.

What must we do to be saved? The heart of our difficulty is the difference in pace between the hare-swift movement of the scientific intellect, which can revolutionize our technology within the span of a single lifetime, and the tortoise-slow movement of the subconscious underbelly of the human psyche, which knows no change or shadow of turning and is the same yesterday, today, and forever. In truth, of course, the subconscious psyche does move, but at a rate that is infinitesimally slow by comparison with the scientific intellect's; and the difference between these two rates of spiritual movement is the crux of the statesman's problem. The inability of the subconscious to fly at the intellect's pace is apt to drive the subconscious, in blind panic, into an irrational, obstinate, anachronistic conservatism that may land us in disaster unless we can contrive to buy from Fate the time that the subconscious psyche requires for accomplishing the slow and painful task of adapting itself to the inevitable human consequences of a revolutionary change of technological circumstances.

Our racing technology has now suddenly brought within point-blank atom-bomb range of one another a number of human societies that are still psychologically poles apart because, in the sailing-ship age, horse-cart age, and wheelbarrow age in which we have been living right into our own lifetime, these societies have been insulated from one another. We need time to give them their chance of growing as close to one another in spirit as they now are in body; and this need for time spells a need for patience and for mutual forbearance.

We cannot yet foresee the day when the West and Russia will be able to live together as one flock with one shepherd because — as every citizen of any federal polity knows — it is impracticable for people to coöperate politically unless they already share a common way of life. Until they have grown together to that degree, the best political relation with one another that they can hope to achieve is one of live and let live. It is of vital importance for all of us that, in the dangerous age in which we are still strangers to one another, the West and Russia should maintain a *modus vivendi* that will save them from drifting into an atomic Third World War; and the United Nations

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is the forum in which the Elephant and the Whale can continue to do business until they have had time to digest the truth that, however alien from one another they may look, the Elephant, the Whale, and the Bat are nevertheless three fellow members of the mammalian order.

Meanwhile, there is everything to be said for encouraging elephants, whales, and bats to enter respectively into family unions with the other members of their own species. Our Western community, for example, is ripe for union now. It would, though, be both unnecessary and wrong-headed for us to confine the membership of an originally Western club to candidates who can produce Western birth certificates. Political capacity, not cultural origin, is the proper test for admission. NATO, in which we have a working basis for a union of countries that are governing themselves democratically in our sense, already contains, in Turkey, one originally non-Western member that has given adequate proof of a will and power to make democratic institutions work effectively in its own domestic life.

There is no reason why our Western community should not expand, as the United States has expanded, by successively admitting new states to membership as they qualify for this. Nor need we foresee any limits to a progressive political unification of mankind; for the same technology which, by inventing the atom bomb, has now made world unity Man's only ultimate alternative to self-destruction, has also made world unity feasible for us by placing in our hands physical means of communication which we can use as tools for demolishing the pre-air-age psychological barriers between us.

If only we school ourselves to be patient and forbearing, as well as inventive and constructive, we can look into the future, not indeed without anxiety, but also not without a heartening hope.

VERSAILLES

(*Petit Trianon*)

by ADRIENNE CECILE RICH

MERELY the landscape of a vanished whim,
An artifice that lasts beyond the wish:
The grotto by the pond, the gulping fish
That round and round pretended islands swim,
The creamery abandoned to its doves,
The empty shrine the guidebook says is love's.

What wind can bleaken this, what weather chasten
The balustrades of stone, the sky stone-pale?
A fountain triton idly soaks his tail
In the last puddle of a drying basin;
A leisure that no human will can hasten
Drips from the hollow of his lifted shell.

When we were younger gardens were for games,
But now upon the sun-gilt lawn of kings
We drift, consulting catalogues for names
Of postured gods: the cry of closing rings
For us and for the couples in the wood,
And all good children who are all too good.

O children, next year, children, you will play
With only half your hearts: be wild today.
And lovers, take one long and fast embrace
Before the sun that tarnished queens goes down,
And evening finds you in a restless town
Where each has back his old restricted face.

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Alicia Markova is an English-born ballerina and perfectionist who seems to defy time. Ten years ago John Martin called her the greatest living ballet dancer, and the praise she has received from the press this year as the guest star of the Ballet Theatre rises to the same superlatives. She and AGNES DE MILLE *met in England in 1933; since then they have danced on the same bill and each has respect for the other's talent. With the warmth and professional appraisal which made her book,* Dance to the Piper, *so illuminating, Miss de Mille here analyzes the secret of Markova's perfection.*

ALICIA MARKOVA

by AGNES DE MILLE

1

"GREATEST dancer in the world" is a press agent's label that is regularly worked to the limits of credulity whenever it seems profitable. What is usually meant is "greatest classic ballet dancer," and ten years ago Alicia Markova, an English girl, was tagged with this handy appellation. Today the pressmen are busy crying up Margot Fonteyn, another English girl. American connoisseurs have a third they think worth consideration — a Cuban, Alicia Alonso; while the Soviets boast their Ullanova and will hear of no one else. But surely classification is silly. All are flabbergasting artists, quite different and most blessedly contemporary. When performers reach this standard of excellence, choosing between them becomes a matter of personal taste.

Markova's body line is legendary. The pure luxury of ease and melting continuity of motion, the delicious phrasing, the sincerity of approach, ravish and satisfy the most inexpert beholder. Her arabesque, for example, more fragile, aerial, and brilliant than anyone else's, possibly because of the almost double-jointedness of her thigh and back, brings the shock of delight one experiences from the high E of a great coloratura. One old gentleman sitting beside me gasped, "It is not possible, but I see it with my eyes, so she must be doing it." And always about her there is an aroma of sadness, a hint of death in the moment of consummated effort, the gift of universality. In the heart of her rhapsodies, even the most capricious, one finds a burning and a mourning. This is her Jewish heritage as it was Anna Pavlova's, who made her world-wide reputation with a dance of death, the "Dying Swan."

On reflection, she seems for all her delicate beauty unphysical, even unsexed. Admittedly no great ballet dancer is physically sensual — is, preferably, the instrument of sensuous release — but Markova, more than anyone else with the possible exception of Fonteyn, can suggest romance while preserving always the chaste austerity of classic discipline. It could almost be said that the passion of her discipline, like all great restraints, is in itself a kind of sensuality.

All choreographers agree she is a delight to rehearse, doing precisely what is asked and nothing else. But she knows what will suit her, and her suggestions are valuable. Her memory is legendary; she can remember not only everything she has done, but — much more unusual — what she has merely seen. She can compose nothing, not even a schoolroom continuation of steps. She is tiny, dark, and brilliant, her skin alabaster white, wax white. Compact and delicate as Venetian glass, her leg and ankle seem so remarkably slender, her hand so tapering, one feels they will snap off with the first jar; a tennis champion's wrist or a surgeon's arm is probably a weaker instrument. She has the kick of a stallion in those delicate leg bones, and although she appears not to have the virtuosity of, say, Baronova or Toumanova, actually she can do anything. Her technique is prodigious; her technique is bolts of lightning and steel. It takes, however, a professional eye to recognize this. She seems, before the laymen, to float in a mist, and they are bemused.

Her expression is demure, the dark lashes resting tranquil against the exquisite pale cheek, a fixed Mona Lisa smile on the noncommittal lips until she suddenly glances up in childlike wickedness and chuckles with a tiny sound like something very valuable breaking.

She is in face and body astonishingly like Anna Pavlova — the same black and white beauty, the serene brow, the dark, burning eyes, the precise,

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patient mouth, the swanlike neck. Indeed she is well aware of the likeness and has been in the past accused of modeling her style too closely on her great predecessor.

She does not have the gift of downright hypnotism that was Pavlova's, but she does have the same quality of dancing in an aura, and she has won the same widespread adulation. All dancers admire her, even avowed enemies of ballet. And all men and women are entranced, even people who hate dancing and are dragged to their initial evening of the experience.

2

I saw Markova first when she was seventeen in London, at the Coliseum, with the Diaghilev Ballet, dancing the Blue Bird variation. She appeared like any string-bean adolescent, the diamond band around her bobbed hair heightening the impression of a little girl dressed up in her mother's party clothes. She had all the voluptuousness of a grasshopper, but she hit the stage like a veteran, with a brio faster than the eye could follow. I think she must have weighed seventy pounds.

For all her youth, she *was* a veteran, and had already been at the business for nearly twelve years. She was born in London, the daughter of a Jewish engineer, Marks, and an Irishwoman. Her mother on marriage adopted the Jewish religion in its most rigid and orthodox form and was married in a synagogue. "Think of the strength of mind of that woman, think of the character," said Alicia soberly, fixing her great dark eyes on me as she spoke; "an Irish Catholic giving up her entire background and family, and accepting, for love of her husband, a way of living so strange and overwhelming."

The father died when Alicia was thirteen. They had been very close. The father wanted a son, and he shared with his oldest girl all the interests he longed to develop in a boy. To this day Alicia rushes off in spare moments to rugger matches or ice hockey. It is touching to think that Marks's first-born, his companion at sports, turned out to be "Giselle."

At her father's death Alicia took the role of head of the family and as responsible heir became adviser in all family councils. It was she who at this immature age shouldered the support of her mother and three sisters, and the responsibility served as spur and whip to her ambition. Her first important job at ten had been as principal dancer in a Christmas pantomime — not principal child dancer, but leading performer. At thirteen Diaghilev saw her in the ballet classes conducted by Astafieva in Chelsea and invited her to join his company at Monte Carlo. She was at this point a slight, thin youngster with black hair cut in a Dutch bob and she wore white socks and middy blouses. A governess took her to rehearsals and brought her back to her hotel room. The nights she did not perform she was in bed by seven-thirty.

At fourteen her family trouble sealed a dedication already well begun. Diaghilev gave her a lead role in "Rossignol," Balanchine's first choreography. And she made a notable *première* at the Lyrique in Paris with Stravinsky conducting. Her success earned her the promise of longer and better roles. Unfortunately Diaghilev died in 1929, and the immediate disbanding of the company brought Alicia's career to an abrupt stop.

It was at that point that the young choreographer Frederick Ashton introduced her to Marie Rambert's tiny Ballet Club Theatre in Notting Hill Gate, London, and there devised ballets for her. The little auditorium seated only 150, and its stage was scarcely 9 feet square, but for several years it was the only place in which she could perform. Her salary was 10/6 a performance, a sum worked out to cover the exact cost of new slippers and taxi fare. Rambert thought she could very well use buses and dance like the others for 8/, but Number 52 did not run after 11 P.M. and Alicia won out. This was a good thing from a prestige point of view because it ensured her and Ashton (also 10/6) the highest salaries at the Ballet Club.

Ashton was her artistic mentor and coach; but there was another, a protégé of Diaghilev who had danced with the greatest and who believed in her fabulous promise. He became her partner and in a sense her alter ego. Anton Dolin (born Sydney Francis Patrick Chippenhall Healy-Kay) had studied beside her in the Astafieva classes and had watched her progress in the Diaghilev troupe where he himself starred. He was now busy making a strong commercial career in the music halls and took her on as a partner. She did the two and three a day with him with surprising zest. From time to time, they made more legitimate forays on the Continent with a concert group. But she always returned to the Ballet Club in between times.

In 1934 she was invited to join the Ballet Russe as a soloist, but decided instead to throw in her lot with the budding Sadler's Wells Company on the promise that they would mount all the great classics for her on a normal-sized stage. This decision plunged her advisers into acute consternation; they implored her not to bury herself in a group of students in the suburbs. But she followed her instinct and in January, 1934, the first English full-length "Giselle" was presented with Markova as star. Marie Rambert took me to the *première*. People were very proud of Alicia. She was a home girl and doing nicely, but, of course, not to be compared to the Russians — to Toumanova, Baronova, or Danilova, for instance. Rambert thought otherwise. Rambert based her opinions not on current comment but on exactly what was before her eyes, and her eyes were among the sharpest and clearest in England. I was present when the older woman

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took Alicia's head gently in her hands and kissed her. "You have come of age," she whispered.

"Giselle" was followed by "The Nutcracker" and the complete "Swan Lake." She now had the three great classic roles under her belt, something she never could have achieved in twelve months with any other company. She left the Wells to help form the Markova-Dolin Company (1935–37) with Nijinska as chief choreographer, but in 1938 joined Massine and the Russians and started touring the world, wishing to give herself serious competition and wider challenge. In the Russian company she was just one of the incredible group of soloists which included Danilova, Toumanova, Youskevitch, Delarova, Slavenska. Her name was, at this point, practically unknown in America. She could not possibly consider herself a star until the night she danced "Giselle" in New York with Lifar. That night everything she did provoked an ovation, an eventuality Lifar had not foreseen. He grew excited and upset; and somehow, in being set down from a high lift, her foot became broken. "However," Alicia said, "I continued the whole solo variation, little hops on point and all. Think of it, right across the stage on one toe on a fractured foot. In the mad scene I began to feel something was wrong, and it seems at the end I passed out cold." Mia Slavenska had to finish the ballet for her, dancing Act II in a style and appearance which varied markedly from Act I. But New York had witnessed enough to know what moved before its dazzled eyes, and the city and all its press were at Markova's feet, broken or sound. Backstage there was a good deal of explanation in Russian about what had happened.

When the Ballet Russe split into two sections after phenomenal quarrelings, threats, and lawsuits, Markova joined the Massine faction and toured with them for some years. The schismatic section was called the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo as differentiated from the Original Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, and both troupes functioned simultaneously to the public's unrelieved bewilderment. Markova compounded confusion by moving from the Ballet Russe to the American Ballet Theatre in one of those swift coups that proceed so naturally and spontaneously from lunch at the Russian Tea Room.

When she joined the junior organization, she came complete with classic repertoire, fame, and prerogatives. Dolin had been a choreographer-star in the American company since its inception in 1940 and had been anxious to install in the new fold his great colleague and partner, and she, for her part, was nothing loath to rejoin him, for he had proved over a long period more understanding in setting dances for her than anyone else. He is moreover a remarkable theatrical figure in his own right, and is acknowledged generally as an unmatched partner for classic work. Markova was annexed as top star. Gollner, Baronova, Stroganova, their noses just a touch out of joint, stepped obediently aside.

Dolin treated her in many ways like royalty. He insisted that the red carpet be spread. She always, for instance, had the star dressing room, the best accommodations, the biggest billing, the longest orchestra rehearsals, and the largest salary with one exception — his own. At the time she worked for Ballet Theatre she got the largest salary of any woman in the business — $400 a week. (It has been multiplied since.)

3

Mme. Marks, as she used to be called at Ballet Club, also knew her own wishes. She never shared her dressing room with another woman. She insisted that every costume be cleaned each time she wore it. (The costumes almost invariably belong to the company — not, as in opera, to the star performers — and two or three ballet stars have to share the same dresses.) Nora Kaye came off stage one night during "Romeo and Juliet" and held out her arms for the next costume, a cloth-of-gold robe. She was informed that Markova had visited the theatre that afternoon and the overeager dresser had sent the other costumes to the cleaners — there would be no further changes during the current performance. On hearing this news, Miss Kaye's face was, as they say, a study.

At that time Alicia lived sparsely in unmodified hotel rooms, without a personal maid. She had instead a kind of acolyte — neither dresser nor maid, a young humble professional, who ran errands, stood by, listened, sympathized, handed things, and worshiped. She was always present and silent. Besides her recompense she received instruction and coaching in ballet technique and the daily opportunity of watching genius. Alicia always talked in front of her as though she were not there, with regal imperviousness to human criticism, two or three intimate attendants constituting for her complete privacy.

It goes without saying that her discipline about sleep, food, and drink has been rigid, continuous, and lifelong. She does not even smoke. Alicia's only real expenditure was on ravishing clothes by name designers. But these did not include furs or jewels. She held herself to a severe budget, permitting herself a first mink coat only after the South African tour (1950). About twenty-five years of dancing paid for this. She supplied always all her own tutus, to ensure their freshness, her own headpieces and accessories and, of course, all slippers and tights, a very sizable expense. She rarely entertained. Dolin seemed to be living high and fancy but he was doing public relations for both of them and she always paid for half. He was prodigal with time; she was busy.

It was always Dolin who held court in his dressing room, for columnists, civic functionaries, movie

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stars, and fans, while he talked his way through cold cream and towels. His dressing room had the air of a levee, but he usually remembered to point out the quiet little figure, already cleaned up and dressed impeccably, sitting in attentive silence.

When they went out socially, it was Pat with his Irish wit who had the most fun; Alicia, looking exquisite, sat on a nimbus of attention and chirped. She was not seen too often without him. One of his jobs as big brother and partner was to escort her to dinner and to see that she amused herself in her scarce leisure moments. I have known him, with this in mind, to take her out to watch him play bridge. Alicia does not herself play bridge, but it's fun watching others. If by any maneuver you could sneak her away, get her feet up, her hair down (metaphorically, of course; not a hairpin is ever loosened even by her speedy daily activities), a very small drink in her hands, you would find her reminiscences worth the effort. The fact that she rarely took time out to comment does not mean that much has passed unremarked.

4

In the summer of '41, Dolin organized a school and concert series at Jacob's Pillow, Massachusetts, Ted Shawn's farm, using the personnel of Ballet Theatre, spiced with visiting guest soloists. I was to be weekend spice. I arrived on a rainy Wednesday night to find matters in considerable turmoil. There were tales of Markova hurrying from several classes in tears. Baronova was crying down the road in a neighboring farmhouse.

Everyone rushed around very busy with housekeeping and rehearsal chores. They stopped only to snarl at each other.

I was assigned to a dormitory room with Lucia Chase, who wasn't crying that summer, Nina Stroganova who was, and Nana Gollner, who moved through all with good-natured bland untidiness.

When I arrived at Jacob's Pillow, Markova had been closeted upstairs for two days and showed no signs of coming down although the weekend performances were imminent. Passing across the upper hall, I peeped unkindly through the half-open door. She lay in Ted Shawn's great double bed. She lay stretched like Rachel on her death couch, the dark silken lovelocks unmoving against the waxen shoulders. The eyes neither open nor shut stared in sealed misery.

Few changes had been made in the room. Beyond replacing the photographs of Shawn and his young men naked in the wind by more maidenly symbols, the ballerina's tutus suspended as always inside out, beyond tossing a satin ribbon on the dressing table and a silk robe over a chair, the great star had done nothing to transform the farm bedroom. She does nothing to transform any of her hotel rooms. She is a transient everywhere except in the theatre dressing room. In that room she is at home, and half an hour after she takes possession, all the implements of her trade and her working comforts are out and in place.

In the farm bedroom the little head remained unmoving against its pillow. I watched for some time in fascinated shame. Tears trickled down her cheeks in an unending stream. In an adjacent room another lady devotee of Dolin's lay ill and weeping. (Most great male dance stars, I have noticed, seem to have one or more of these dedicated followers who trail around them asking, and getting, absolutely nothing except the privilege of attending to mail, doing a little shopping, keeping a list of the star's social engagements, and waiting hand and foot on the brilliant center of their attentions. Sometimes they are paid as secretaries and sometimes they foot their own bills.)

Downstairs the new master of Jacob's Pillow sat at dinner. The *hoi polloi* or ballet ate in a kind of barracks. But I, as guest artist, was entitled to a place on the host's right.

"Rooms full of weeping women," he said spooning up his soup vigorously. "I wish they'd either get well or —"

"Or what, Pat?" I asked.

"Or — well, now look here, duckie, the house is getting positively soppy with tears. And what good does it do them to go on like this? I must say I think they enjoy it. I really do, but *I* certainly don't. For one thing, the weather's too damp."

"I think Alicia is not enjoying herself."

"Then why doesn't she stop? Women are too preposterously silly." He called to the cook, "Send a tray up to Mme. Markova."

It was promptly returned untouched.

"Pat, what is the matter with her?"

Parenthetically I wish to remark that for all his naughtiness, capriciousness, and flamboyance Anton Dolin is one of the kindest-hearted men in the dance world. Where there is genuine trouble he is the first to help. He labored for years to try to make it possible for the insane Nijinsky to find asylum in America. He succored Spessivtzeva in her lamentable illness. He has helped innumerable young artists with money, advice, and jobs. In the case of Markova it was an alliance of friendship and ambition. He was devoted to her, even dependent on her, but he could not resist mockery. He could never resist wicked Irish mockery.

Alicia continued crying until it was nearly performance time, and active measures had to be taken. An old friend and balletomane, a father and head of a household, used to family tantrums, advanced into her chamber of melancholy, pulled her from the bed, and shook her until her teeth rattled. "Alicia," he said, "if you don't start getting ready for this afternoon's performance, I'm going to turn you over my knee."

She whimpered and started to pick at her make-

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up. He left her to the care of assistants, who, scared to death and speechless, rushed to propel her through the preparations. She was supported across the yard to the theatre. The porches still dripped with summer rain. There was the smell all about of wet pinewood and the green glitter that promised a brilliant sunset.

Alicia leaned in her dressing gown against a dank post. Her acolyte (at this point Patricia Barker) waited round-eyed beside her with the tray of powder, hairpins, and mirror. I was about to do a comedy dance and stopped to say that I hoped she felt better. Alicia gave me a graveyard smile and looked west to the Berkshires. Paddy Barker shook her head with the air of a nurse who knows that the end is inevitable but hopes it will be quick. When I left the stage, Alicia was in her skirt and trying out the points of her slippers. Her breath still came unevenly from crying. Belowstairs, while I changed I listened to the music of the Prelude from "Sylphides" and felt the slight jarring of the floor overhead from the great soft descents. At the conclusion, there was a full six seconds of silence and then tumult.

Several girls drifted below and stood dazed. "What happened?" I asked. They sat unable to continue with their changes. It seems she had never before approached the beauty of her performance that afternoon.

I hastened to offer my congratulations. Alicia was bouncing around upstairs in the farmhouse clad in a darling dressing gown and as happy as Christmas morning, purged, delivered, vindicated. She had tied a bow in her hair. "It was rather good, you know," she said to me with brilliant eyes. "I can't say I was too displeased."

"The girls said it was transcendent."

She put her head on one side and considered. "It was all right," she said, and she scampered off down the hall to visit the other invalid's room, whence presently came peals of girlish giggles. They sent down for enormous trays of food.

That night there was a barn dance. Alicia kept to her quarters as becoming one so recently in decline, but Pat Dolin managed everything down to the last detail and even went through the bushes with a flashlight, flushing out two indiscreet youngsters who were having a bit of heterosexual fun. Pat was simply furious; he said the place would get a bad name. In a long and distinguished career, Dolin has functioned in every possible capacity, but the role of custodian of public morals is the one I find most striking.

As to Alicia, this kind of goings-on may seem foolish, but, on the other hand, no person who reaches the absolute top in her art can really appear silly. Theatre folk, particularly dancers, have the reputation of being tumultuous, capricious, unreliable, given to temper and nerve explosions. It is my experience that they are the most controlled and durable people I have ever met. Their lives are based on crises. Several times a year they are called upon to face situations that combine the worst emotional aspects of a house fire, grievous family illness, business failure, and pre-battle preparations, all endured while trying to think clearly and balance instincts, when a mistake of judgment might wreck a career. The average businessman or housewife wouldn't last a week.

I do not know why Alicia carried on in this way. I do know that she had only one concern in life — to dance better and better and better. This was all she did. She did not interest herself with one other thing. Alicia has never married — never, as far as I know, even been engaged. She was given over from early childhood to a dedicated and exacting vocation. Outraged nature must have backed up on her from time to time and taken blackmail payments. The sacrifice she made was enormous. Whether or not it was necessary is a question she has probably asked herself from time to time at lonely moments. In the fullness of time she and Dolin have separated. They now go their individual ways.

But from a professional point of view, at that point she was doing fine. Her press got better each year until John Martin of the New York *Times* threw caution away: "not only the best living ballet dancer, but probably the greatest who ever lived." One cannot go beyond this recognition; this is absolute.

5

Alicia comes to the theatre as a rule before anyone else. On the days of a gala she is in and out of the place all day, but for each routine appearance she is on hand at least three hours ahead of time. Her room seems as businesslike and as prophylactic as a surgery. The dressing table has pristine dainty skirts and spotless cloths laid over the make-up. On a white-covered table lie her shoes, pair by pair, long and exceedingly narrow, triple A. Markova's feet are flawless — white, supple, and unmarked. Most dancers' feet look like the ace of clubs, gnarled, jointed, skinned, bruised, with blackened horny nails and rubbings and scars that have bitten into the tissue. Barefoot dancers' feet cannot be imagined; they are hoofs. But Markova has given hers solicitous — almost medical — care and they are dreams. She takes ten minutes to put on her shoes. She cleans everything she owns every day. She putters and fusses and mends — the acolyte sometimes sits around helping her clean, or watching her. But often Alicia is alone and wants it so.

She is like a young mother assembling her first layette. She is cutting off connections with the world, she is becoming part of the theatre. She is already beginning to connect with the audience. They do not know this. It is afternoon still. Many of them are at their offices. It will be an hour yet

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before they get ready for dinner. After some while of this meandering she will put on practice clothes and her make-up base and go on stage for a lesson from her coach, in New York Vincenzo Celli. Celli puts her through an hour to two hours of everything he can think of. In lieu of a barre, she hangs on to the wardrobe trunks or the tormentors. Other members of the company appear and start practicing, but apart from her. When she leaves the stage to go to her dressing room, she is dripping. Her acolyte waits with a towel, for from now on she has to keep in a light sweat. (Her audience is probably now having cocktails.) She sponges off and finishes her make-up. She gives half an hour to her hair.

Twenty minutes before curtain she strips and gets into her all-silk tights. I have seen Alicia stripped. She has no body at all. She has no bust, no stomach, no hips, no buttocks; she has two long supple arms and two long strong legs, joined by a device that contains in the most compact manner possible enough viscera to keep her locomotive. She is utterly feminine but as incorporeal as a dryad. Her slenderness, her lack of unneeded flesh, is a rebuke to everything gross in the world. The tights are held taut by elastics and tapes that wrap around her 21-inch waist. Her toes are swathed very exactly in lamb's wool to prevent shoe friction, and the priceless little mummies are then inserted in the flawlessly clean satin boxes which are glued to her heel (Pavlova used spit in the heel of her shoe — this is in the old tradition; Alicia uses LePage's glue — it is stronger) and the ribbons sewn. She has to be cut out of her shoes. Five minutes before curtain she steps into the tutu. As the orchestra starts she walks on the stage. It always takes four men to help her on the return journey with the flowers.

I happened to be backstage the day after Martin's incredible pronouncement was printed. In my minor way, I was going through the process of warming up, quieting down and cutting off from daily life. I passed Alicia's room. She was standing alone, rubbing the toe of a slipper with a piece of gauze soaked in benzine.

"Alicia," I said, slipping onto her sofa, "tell me something. As one human woman to another, how does it feel to read in a newspaper a statement like Martin's — 'the greatest ballet dancer of all time'?"

"That's all very well and good," said Alicia, placing the slipper precisely beside its fellow, drawing her silk dressing gown up neatly, and sitting down with crossed ankles. "It's easy to write something like that but it's I who have to live up to it. What am I to do the next day, I ask you? I said to Celli I must work all the harder. I mean, duckie, the audience is going to expect something after reading that bit. It will be hard lines if I let them down. There's always the next performance to think of. That's what I said to Celli."

Dolin was in the next room entertaining Elsa Maxwell.

Alicia has now reached the age (not a great one) when in the days of the Imperial Ballet the stars were forcibly retired and pensioned — but she is dancing better than ever, with virtuosity and an enormous brilliance of dynamics and power. Instead of slacking off with the years she seems to be reaching greater and greater physical and emotional strengths, and more subtle and exquisite refinement of style.

Building her reputation has been hard, maintaining it harder. When Pavlova danced, she was the only great ballet star most of us had seen, and brought with her the excitement of revelation. But everyone dances today. The theatres are bulging with dandy technicians, and the beady eyes out front are knowledgeable and blasé, while in the wings stand the ready and able to crowd the star off center spot. If Markova seems at times mettlesome to the girls and boys who work with her she is only fighting as she feels she must for her position and her future. One mistaken step from an assistant, one hand on a wrong light lever, can undo a hundred hours of her practicing. She may have the proverbial nervous tempers of a ballerina; she also has the responsibility. She may seem fragile, childish, and gentle, but cross her will, or turn on the wrong light, or make a damaging mistake in tempo and you will know why Britain withstood the Blitz and held Gibraltar and girdled the world, and lasted as long as any other country in recorded history.

After an ovation, this airy, fairy, feathery little thing has been known to place an armful of white orchids deliberately on the floor, pass silently and exquisitely over to where the head electrician waited uncomfortably, and break him in two.

She has been acclaimed the greatest ballet dancer for just one reason: she intended to be.

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Foreign Policy

"Can the Republicans do what the Democrats have failed to do — namely, provide our foreign policy with an adequate economic foundation?" To find a constructive answer to this question, we turn to a leading American economist, SUMNER H. SLICHTER, *Lamont professor at Harvard University, and it is his conclusion that "rarely has a country been so well situated to give great help to the rest of the world by policies which would also enhance its own economic welfare." But will we do it?*

MORE IMPORTS NEEDED

by SUMNER H. SLICHTER

1

THE holding of the first Congress of the Communist Party in Russia since 1939, the recent purges of the Communist parties in Eastern Europe, and Stalin's lengthy pronouncement on Russian policy in the magazine *Bolshevik* all indicate that Russia is taking a new look at her policies and is about to make new efforts to divide the countries of the West.

These developments follow closely the acute foreign exchange crisis among many non-Communist countries in the first half of 1952. This crisis, the third foreign exchange crisis since the end of the Second World War, has caused the sterling area to lose half of its gold and dollar reserves; it has led Britain, France, India, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, and other countries to make drastic cuts in their imports; it has caused the British Trades Union Congress to pass unanimously a resolution demanding expansion of trade with the Soviet Union and Communist China; it is forcing Britain and France to cut their defense outlays below the targets set at Lisbon last winter; and it is bringing about high-level talks between the British and Americans in Washington early this year on the fundamentals of world economic conditions.

The economic troubles of the non-Communist countries make clear an important and startling fact — namely, that the United States has failed to develop an adequate economic foundation for its foreign policy. Consequently, our foreign policy is in danger of collapse. The essence of our foreign policy is nothing less than the building of a community of nations united in their opposition to Communism and willing to support a common defense against it. A good start has been made in developing arrangements for military and political coöperation. But a group of nations cannot be regarded as a community unless they are bound together by close economic ties. Certainly the absence of close economic ties would make the future of any military or political alliance quite uncertain. The best single indication of the degree to which a group of countries constitutes an economic community is the extent to which their currencies are freely convertible. Until a considerable degree of convertibility has been established, trade among the countries cannot be permitted to grow freely — indeed, the very success of one country in selling abroad may cause it to become the owner of large quantities of currencies which it cannot spend where it wishes.

The failure of the United States to provide an adequate economic foundation for its foreign policy has been due to the fact that the economic difficulties of the non-Communist world have been grievously underestimated. It was originally hoped that the post-war recovery of production would in a few years enable the principal countries to restore the convertibility of their currencies, and that generous aid from the United States for a few years (the Marshall Plan was for five years) would permit most countries to raise output to the needed levels. The United States has put more than $35 billion into foreign aid, and the output of Western Europe is more than 40 per cent above pre-war. There has also been a big increase in trade between countries, including a large rise in sales to the United States. And yet only very limited progress toward achieving the convertibility of most currencies has been made — as is indicated by the foreign exchange crisis of 1952.

Hence, the United States finds itself confronted with a very fundamental choice. Either it must develop proper economic support for its foreign policy, or it must abandon its essential policy of attempting to build a strong community of non-Communist countries. It is dramatic, and I think salutary, that the choice must be made by the Republican Party, which has been the principal vehicle of conservatism but which has also viewed close foreign ties with skepticism. Can the Republicans do what the Democrats have failed to do — namely, provide our foreign policy with an

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adequate economic foundation? Or is the task of bolstering up the economies of the non-Communist world beyond the capacity of the United States, and would the Republicans be wise to replace our present foreign policy with a much less ambitious one?

It is the thesis of this paper that the United States can enormously strengthen the economies of the non-Communist countries and help them to achieve a considerable degree of convertibility for their currencies within several years; and, furthermore, that we can do this by methods which would greatly strengthen our own economy. Rarely indeed has a country been so well situated to give great help to the rest of the world by policies which would also enhance its own economic welfare.

2

THE greatest single obstacle to American efforts to build a strong community of non-Communist countries has been the difficulty of these countries in selling to the United States. Their chronic excess of purchases from us over sales to us has kept most non-Communist countries short of foreign exchange and has forced them to place numerous restraints on both their imports and their exports.

For two or three years more the excess sales by this country above its purchases can be financed by foreign aid. But everyone agrees that foreign aid must soon stop. It is burdensome to American taxpayers; it is offensive to the pride of other countries; and it creates dangerous misconceptions of other countries among American voters. To a limited extent the excess of exports by this country above its imports can be met by new American investments abroad. But investment opportunities abroad are limited by several circumstances — by scarcities of managerial skill and technical knowledge among many foreign populations, by political instability, and by fears that industries will be socialized. Hence, the only real solution to the economic problems of the non-Communist world is a substantial rise in sales to the United States. The alternative would be a drop in purchases from us. This latter kind of adjustment would hinder other countries from obtaining the goods that are badly needed to develop their industries; it would tend to prevent the currencies of the non-Communist countries from becoming freely convertible; and it would give Russia opportunities to disrupt the non-Communist world by offering to buy goods which cannot be sold in the United States.

But is a large rise of imports into this country a practical possibility? Let us concede that it will not be easy for other countries substantially to increase their sales to us. The principal reason is the superior efficiency of most American industries. This superior efficiency is indicated by the fact that output per capita in the United States is twice as large as in Britain, three times as large as in France, and about nine times as large as the average for the rest of the world as a whole.

But in addition to the efficiency of American industry, there are other reasons why other countries have trouble selling in the American market. For most countries the United States is 3000 or more miles away. Breaking into a remote market is expensive and puts the seller at a substantial disadvantage. Although there have been large reductions in our tariff during the last fifteen years, there are over 3500 duties still in effect and there are still several hundred duties of 25 per cent ad valorem (or its equivalent) or more. Even a duty of 15 or 20 per cent is usually a formidable handicap to a foreign seller. Surprisingly enough, the great American automobile industry is protected against its weak foreign competitors by a duty of 10 per cent!

American customs procedures are an additional obstacle to imports because these procedures are often complicated, cumbersome, and (worst of all) uncertain. Finally, many foreign sellers are discouraged from making long-range plans to sell in the United States by the possibility that success in selling here will cause the American duty to be raised. This possibility is created by the so-called "escape clause," recently added to the trade agreements act. This clause authorizes the President to terminate concessions made in reciprocal trade agreements if the Tariff Commission finds that imports threaten serious injury to American producers.

It is not a light undertaking for a foreign producer to enter the American market. Long and expensive promotion is likely to be required. If success in selling here is likely to cause the duty on his goods to be raised, the foreign producer is not likely to attempt to enter the American market. What better device than the "escape clause" could this country have invented to discourage foreign enterprises from endeavoring to sell here?

Despite these obstacles to selling in the United States, it ought to be possible to bring about a sufficient increase in imports so that foreign countries will not need to cut their purchases from this country when foreign aid ends two or three years hence. In recent months, the United States has been exporting goods and services (exclusive of military goods) at the rate of about $19 billion a year, has been importing at the rate of $13 billion a year, and has been investing abroad about $1.5 billion a year. If the rest of the world is to continue to buy from the United States at about the present rate after foreign aid ceases, it must increase its sales to this country by about $4.5 billion a year. This is little more than 2 per cent of the net annual output of private industry in the United States.

In spite of the great technical superiorities of most American industries and the big advantages of domestic producers over foreign producers in the home market, there must be at least 2 or 3 per cent of our output produced at higher costs than the

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costs of foreign competitors. Among the goods that might be imported in far greater quantities are machinery, toys, cameras, bicycles and motorcycles, chemicals, woolens, worsteds, cotton goods, automobiles, airplanes, optical goods, glassware, chinaware, lumber, lead, zinc, copper, petroleum and petroleum products, sugar, wine, olive oil, nuts, fish, cheese, rice, canned meat. In many of these cases duties are so close to prohibitive that nearly all of the American market is supplied by domestic producers. In some cases, such as worsteds, cotton goods, or lumber, even a tenfold increase in imports would leave seven tenths or more of the market in the hands of American producers.

3

WHAT steps are needed to enable foreign countries to increase their sales to this country by about $4.5 billion a year? Some of the moves must be made by other countries, but the first and most important steps should be taken by the United States. To begin with, Congress by joint resolution should proclaim that it is the national policy of the United States to buy from the rest of the world (that is, the non-Communist world) as much as other countries buy from us, less the amounts that we invest abroad or give as foreign aid. Thus, if the United States were selling $19 billion of goods and services a year to the rest of the world, and investing abroad $1.5 billion a year, we would undertake to import $17.5 billion of goods and services a year. If we were still giving a billion a year in foreign aid, we would undertake to import $16.5 billion of goods a year. The United States could not, of course, *guarantee* that our purchases from the rest of the world would equal our sales, because other countries might pursue inflationary policies that limited their ability to sell to us. But the adoption of the definite policy of endeavoring to keep our purchases equal to our sales less investments and gifts would be a big step forward. The balance between imports and exports would apply, of course, to the totals for the United States as a whole, not to the trade with any given country.

How could the policy be implemented? Two principal steps would be required. In the first place, the use of the "escape clause" should be safeguarded to prevent it from unreasonably discouraging much-needed increases in imports. For example, Congress should declare that "serious injury" to American producers will not be found in cases where the absolute volume of sales by American producers has not decreased, where American producers still retain half of the domestic market, or where there are other industries into which American producers can readily shift without serious loss. In the second place, the Tariff Commission should be given the responsibility of watching the trend of imports and exports and of making such reductions in duties as may be necessary to keep imports as large as exports less current investments abroad and foreign aid. The Tariff Commission should be instructed to reduce those duties that promise to bring about the greatest increase in imports with the least disturbance to American producers, and specific duties should not be reduced without giving American producers a chance to protest. The Commission, however, should have the definite responsibility of keeping duties low enough to effectuate the basic policy that the United States undertakes to buy as much as it sells, less what it invests abroad or gives away.

The impact of these steps upon the rest of the world would be enormous. The economic position of every non-Communist country would be tremendously strengthened. Since the non-Communist countries as a whole could count on a great improvement in their ability to earn dollars, many of them would be able to relax their present restrictions on purchases from this country. Furthermore, their improved ability to earn dollars would enable them to increase their dollar reserves and at the same time would raise the adequacy of the dollar reserves now in their possession. Thus the various countries of the non-Communist world would be able gradually to permit greater freedom to import and, step by step, to introduce full convertibility of their currencies. Finally, the greater ability of other countries to earn dollars would improve their ability to borrow here. All of this would mean that every non-Communist country would be better able to obtain the goods needed for developing its industries and raising the standard of consumption of its people.

Most important of all would be the political consequences of the new economic policy. Hope in every country for its industrial development would be stimulated. The ties of friendship between all non-Communist countries and the United States would be strengthened. The growing demand for the opening up of trade between Eastern and Western Europe, which the German Socialists, the British trade unionists, and others are now pressing and which threatens to split the non-Communist countries, would be weakened. The minorities that are promoting in various countries the view that the United States is attempting to dominate their economies would lose much of their influence. All of the non-Communist countries would feel that in the United States they had a powerful economic friend who stood ready at all times to assure them that their efforts to expand their economies would not be held down by artificial obstructions to their ability to sell.

Would not a rise of around $4.5 billion in imports be bad for the American economy? Would it not create unemployment and perhaps even depression? The answer to these questions is "No." A rise in imports sufficient to prevent a drop in our exports

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would be good, not bad, for our economy. In the first place, it would raise the efficiency of American industry by introducing wholesome competition at many points. In the second place, it would make foreign economic aid unnecessary, thus permitting taxes to be reduced by several billion dollars a year and enabling Americans to raise their standard of consumption by the amount of the reduction in taxes. In the third place, it would prevent our exports from dropping as economic aid is reduced. Thus it would prevent the rise of unemployment in our export industries. In the fourth place, the improvement in the credit of other countries made possible by their greater ability to earn dollars would increase their ability to borrow in the United States. As a consequence, demand for American exports would be raised, employment in the United States would be increased, and the productivtiy of American industry would be raised by the shift of labor and capital from industries that have trouble in meeting foreign competition to industries that can undersell foreign rivals — in other words, from less productive to more productive industries.

But would the American voters tolerate a rise of even $4.5 billion a year in imports? American businessmen have been quite ready to lecture the rest of the world on the virtues of competition, to boast of the superior productivity of American industry, and to invite other countries to imitate American methods. But let some country achieve modest success in selling its wares here and the American champions of competition emit loud cries of distress. In the words of the London *Economist*, American business "when faced with signs of foreign competition in the domestic market . . . behaves rather like a young girl straight from the vicarage might be expected to do if she found herself alone in the Kasbah."

In the last year or two there has been a striking rise of protectionist sentiment in the United States. The President, it is true, has refused to raise the duty on watches or garlic, and Congress has rejected the plea of the tuna fishermen and canners for a tariff on Japanese and Peruvian tuna, but the cheese quota, in a slightly milder form, has been extended. Under the "escape clause" of the trade agreements act, higher duties or quotas are being asked on motorcycles and bicycles, musical instruments, chinaware, clothespins, figs, and other articles. Whether the voters will tolerate a large rise of imports will depend upon 1) how well American exporters promote their own interests; 2) the policy of Russia; and 3) the condition of business here.

The opponents of imports into the United States have always been far more effectively organized than the businessmen who are interested in exporting. But now that the foreign aid program has built up a considerable volume of exports which will disappear unless imports are increased, perhaps the exporters will champion their interests more effectively than in the past.

The policies of Russia will have much to do with the attitude of the country toward imports because an effort by Russia to use economic weapons in the cold war will help the voters see the economic implications of American foreign policy. If Russia offers substantial quantities of timber, wheat, coal, copper, and gold in return for goods from the rest of the world, she will create serious dissension among the non-Communist countries — unless the United States accepts a substantial rise in imports.

Most important of all, the willingness of this country to accept a large increase in imports will depend upon business conditions. Large and persistent unemployment will cause barriers against foreign goods to be made higher. And even in prosperity a rise of imports will produce strong pressure for higher tariffs or for quotas unless the expansion of demand for goods in general is so vigorous that men and capital can shift readily out of the industries most affected by foreign competition. Hence, the present state of the world and the foreign policy that the United States has developed to meet the menace of Communism require vigorous policies to encourage domestic expansion and to check recessions.

This survey indicates that the United States is in the precarious position of having adopted a foreign policy that is in danger of failing because it requires changes in the country's tariff policy which the voters and pressure groups may not be ready to approve. Fortunately there is a good chance that the Russians will be discouraged from using economic weapons in the cold war by the Marxist dogma which causes them to underestimate the strength of capitalism and to count on its collapsing from internal causes.

But, even if the Russians do not use offers of trade to destroy the united front of the non-Communist countries, the United States cannot escape choosing between liberalizing its tariff policy and drastically modifying its foreign policy. The real question is not how more imports by us would affect this, that, or the other industry — bicycles, cheeses, worsteds. The unity of the Western world is at stake. A military and political alliance of non-Communist countries will not endure if this country handicaps its associates in restoring the convertibility of their currencies and in expanding their economies by failing to buy from them as much as we sell to them. Fortunately for the United States, the voters, in approving the new policy of our buying as much as we sell, would be advancing the economic interests of this country as well as providing a solid foundation for its military and political policies.

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An Atlantic Story

Last year, before he left his sanctuary in Dublin for an extended tour of the United States, FRANK O'CONNOR *was asked how he wrote his short stories. Said Mr. O'Connor, "With me it's a difficulty of temperament. Mine is lyrical, explosive. I write a story with a feeling of slight regret for poor Shakespeare's lack of talent and wake up with a hangover that makes poteen look like cold water. Then, having cursed life and forsworn literature, I start rewriting. If I can work up the Shakespeare mood often enough I may get it right in six revisions. If I don't I may have to rewrite it fifty times. This isn't exaggeration."*

ADVENTURE

by FRANK O'CONNOR

WHEN adventure came to me first, it came in a form I was not expecting. I was living in Cork; I was turned twenty, and I felt my life was at an end. I knew it could only be renewed by some impossible female, preferably foreign and experienced in love, though not so experienced as not to be converted overnight to the ideal of absolute fidelity, which was all I felt strong enough for. I was sure there must be such women in the world. Meanwhile I neglected no opportunity of searching for them in quarters where you might have expected them to appear, like the Operatic Society, but the only woman I got to know there was a nice little girl called Doris Beirne who sang in the chorus and lived not far away from me on Gardiner's Hill, a quarter of unexceptionable respectability.

If I had been trying to elude adventure instead of seeking it, I should have seen the hand of Divine Providence in that. Even for Cork Protestants the Beirnes were astonishingly placid. The old man, who didn't seem to have an enemy in the world, was musical, and his wife's sister, Miss Adams, who kept house for him, though anything but musical and playing Doris's accompaniments in the style of a retired drum major, was equally inoffensive. Doris herself was so sweet and earnest that she either waded or jumped the jokes you made to her, as if they were part of an obstacle race.

She was being courted in a family manner by a young shopkeeper called Tom Diamond. Tom was a good fellow, a cricketer, and fond of his glass. Miss Adams, who admired him enormously, explained to me that he had inherited an excellent business bled white by his family, and that it might be years before he could settle down. Obviously, she hoped Doris could wait. He and I saw a good deal of one another at the house but never became friends. At first I thought this was due to jealousy on his part, but it wasn't. Miss Adams's notions of his circumstances were all secondhand, and the family knew little more of him than I did, and that, according to my standards of the time, was not enough to base a friendship on.

Very different was my response to Martin Holmes. Holmes was English; a businessman, loud-voiced and blustering like one who had begun on the road, but very different from other commercials I had met. He was a powerfully built man, rather fat, fond of his food, and all curves like a prima donna. It was an experience to walk behind him down the road, for he seemed to move downward as well as forward; he cocked his head right and left, and with each step a wiggle seemed to start at the nape of his neck and travel down all his curves to his ankles. It gave him a slight suggestion of levitation, as though he wore pneumatic shoes. I think now I liked him for his own sake, but I find it hard to be sure because I liked him so much for the incidental excitements he brought with him, gaiety, recklessness, unrest. He gave you an impression of extroverted infallibility, of knowing the answers to everything. He drove unerringly at reckless speeds, taking chances that made you jump. When he

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entertained it was in lavish style, and he talked of things that nobody in Cork even mentioned, that I sometimes thought were known only to myself.

Holmes had the gift of intimacy, the gift of calling you by your Christian name at the first meeting and, when he got to know you, of treating you as father confessor and pouring out on you his past humiliations and weaknesses. He had done about everything, and that was informative: a man could do these things and yet remain attractive and sensitive. He was obviously not easy in his mind about them, and that was equally satisfactory: whether or not you wanted to be on the right side, you were. You could advise and admonish. You could help. You could even make it easier for him by confessing your own troubles, and that was a great relief.

In spite of all these attractions, Doris's aunt didn't really like him. Perhaps she hadn't so much to confess. She was a lively, gossipy little woman with a snub nose, so that the reading glasses never came really in front of her eyes, and she usually talked with her head down. She was lively, even jolly, but she thought dinner in the Imperial extravagant and anything stronger than lemonade sinful. Holmes laid himself out to capture her; he brought her presents; he pretended it was really on her account that he came to the house, and reserved for her the deep, charmer's voice which he assumed to difficult women customers.

"Miss Adams," he would say, putting his arm fondly about her shoulder, "don't you realize what a holiday it is for me to get you out? Don't you realize what a favor you are doing me?"

"Favor?" she exclaimed. "Spending your money? I would do you a greater favor by frying a couple of rashers for you."

He knew it was all no good. In spite of his bounce and brag he was far from complacent, and with feminine curves had a sort of feminine sensibility. Actually he sized it up far better than I.

"You know, Dick," he said one night when he was driving me home, "Doris's aunt hates the sight of me."

He spoke without resentment, even with amusement, as though he thought it was one up for the old lady.

"I wouldn't say she hated you," I said doubtfully. "What makes you think that, Martin?"

"She doesn't trust me with Doris," he said. "She thinks the world of Diamond. You can't blame her, of course."

I could, and did. Diamond was a very nice, quiet fellow, if it was nice, quiet fellows you wanted, but Holmes, whatever his faults, was an exceptional man. Doris knew that. So did Diamond, though he didn't let it appear. He came weekly to the house, just as before, and even when Doris was out with Holmes stayed on, chattering to her father and aunt, sucking his pipe and apparently not in the least disturbed. Holmes appeared to be quite touched by Diamond's devotion, and went out of his way to do little bits of business for him when he went to England.

"You know, Dick," Holmes said to me one night when we were having a drink at his hotel, "if I ever behaved badly to Doris, Tom would stick a knife in me."

"A knife?" I said incredulously. "Tom Diamond? You're a blooming romantic, man! Diamond wouldn't stick a knife in anybody."

"Not even somebody who'd injured Doris?"

"Not even somebody who'd murdered his grandmother."

"I wouldn't be too sure," Holmes said thoughtfully. "He thinks Doris is marvelous, and the funny part of it is, he's right."

That astonished me equally, because you don't usually think the girl up the road is marvelous, especially in a provincial town where the least adventurous has to keep half his mind free for fantasy, and where you could easily grow up next door to a future international celebrity without seeing him as anything but a joke. To understand what Holmes meant, I had to imagine myself a stranger from Mars and try to look at familiar things with strange eyes, but even then I had to justify Holmes more by reason than faith.

Looked at like that, Doris was unusual all right; unusual, not for any particular quality, but for an accumulation of apparently unimportant details: the way she remembered little things her father and aunt liked, the way she deferred to other people's wishes, the way she called at the hospital to inquire for a neighbor and remembered to ask about another's son who was in the Civic Guards in Dublin. I had known other girls who did these things, but what in them were little spots of color applied haphazard, in Doris formed a design. They came to her not from outside and from the copying of good models, but from an interior core of spirituality which might equally well express itself in other ways.

Of course, Holmes, coming from outside, could see that design as I couldn't, but there was more than that in it. As I have said, the man had a feminine sensibility, and could relate some trifling action of Doris's to a wider conception of her character. I was grateful to him for that, because I still have a large, muddled masculine myopia which makes it possible for me to see generalizations but remain all the time blind to the minute tensions of which ordinary daily life is made up.

At the same time I retained a slight suspicion of Holmes, though this didn't argue any particular perspicacity in me and was merely the normal attitude of the provincial in rebellion, who while flouting the conventions of provincial life retains a lot of the astuteness on which they are based. That, at first, meant nothing; just that I felt ungenerously that in this life one gets nothing for nothing, and if

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Holmes was kind to me it was because in some way he found, or hoped to find, me useful. But I soon had other reasons for suspicion.

2

One particular evening is very vivid in my mind. In the usual Cork way it built itself up out of nothing. I went for a boring walk up the tree-shaded Western Road, where the crowds coming towards me threw long straight shadows along the pavement, and the girls who passed me out had their faces lit with the setting sun. I ran into Diamond, who, having failed to keep an appointment with some of his cricketing and boozing pals, was also at a loose end. We strolled on together. As usual, I found him pleasant enough, though as unforthcoming there as at Beirne's. It was all noncommittal; amusing anecdotes of matches and sprees and praise of his friends. Not a note of malice. At an age when intimacy implies malice, it remained like a barrier between us. I got more and more depressed.

Suddenly a car halted, and we were hailed. Holmes and Doris were inside, and we crossed the road.

"Hop in," Holmes said commandingly, throwing open the back door for us.

"We're going for a walk," protested Diamond.

"You're coming for a drink," said Holmes, looking straight out in front of him. "Hop in."

"You know, I think you've had enough, Martin," Doris said with a gentle smile.

"Nonsense, dear, I haven't begun," he replied in a lordly way.

I was delighted. I won't say I was actually bored stiff with Tom Diamond's conversation, but at least I felt I should have real conversation — fireworks!

"Don't do that, Martin!" Doris said sharply as, within a minute of starting up, Holmes cut out a car which was sleepwalking up the middle of the road.

"Silly beggar!" Holmes said with a contemptuous backward glance and put on speed.

It wasn't a pleasant spin. He was showing off like mad at the wheel. His talk was all of what his eye caught — a new-model car wrongly designed, a newly built house badly planned; he sang; he passed every blasted thing on the road by inches, and then threw back some withering comment at the driver. After a complete circle in the middle of a busy highway, taken at full speed, he stopped the car dead in front of a pub near the river. He ordered double whiskeys for himself and me, beer for Tom Diamond, who seemed to have taken a sudden aversion to anything stronger, and sherry for Doris. Then he had a long and knowing talk with the publican about distilleries and their managements. He was very queer, frighteningly queer. I still couldn't make up my mind whether or not he was drunk. I've seen drunks in every stage from fuddlesomeness to fight, but I've never really seen anyone else like that. For a real drunk he was far too quick on the draw, far too observant of every shade in our quickly changing attitudes to him, far too alert in the way he pounced on them. He was more like a lunatic. He shouted; he let his voice grow shrill; he told indecent stories with an atrocious laugh which would have taken all the fun out of them even if they had been funny.

Doris grew white. She didn't protest, but once she said in the pained tone of a kid, "Oh, dear, Martin!" I knew that what was hurting her was not what Holmes said, for she had already accepted him, and Doris was the sort who accepts people entire; nor even that I was listening, for she knew I liked him and would make excuses. It was Tom Diamond's presence that really cut her to the heart, because he represented her family, her upbringing, her childhood. Diamond sank into a deeper and deeper gloom, and between them they performed a dumb duet of misery that almost made me scream.

I wanted Diamond to put a stop to it, but he didn't, and even then I think I half understood that he couldn't. At last Holmes got up to go to the lavatory, and told us as much in an infantile way. He didn't even appear to be drunk then; he was too alert, too agile. In a fury I dashed after him and caught him outside the door.

"Do you realize what you're doing?" I asked savagely.

I was astonished at his response. He suddenly smiled, a frank, boyish, good-natured smile, and took my two hands in his.

"Do you think I'm drunk, Dick?" he asked in a quiet voice.

"Do you expect me to believe you're hurting that girl deliberately?" I asked.

"You're a good pal, Dick," he said emotionally. "A very good pal. You're not afraid to speak your mind to people you like. You do like me, don't you?"

"I also like Doris, if you want to know," I said.

"I don't, Dick. I knew it, and she knew it. She trusts you as she trusts nobody else. Don't mind me, Dick. I swear I'm not really drunk. Just playing the fool. Sometimes, I have to do it."

At that moment I could have sworn Holmes was as sober as I was. But when he returned to the room he went on worse than ever. This time I forced him out to the car, where he immediately showed his real condition by falling asleep in the back. Doris drove, I sat beside her, and she and Diamond chattered lightly and amiably all the way home. I couldn't talk. I could think of nothing but the stupefied man whose head was lolling over on to Diamond's back. I was bewildered by his apparent sobriety of a short while before. Not until long afterwards did I realize that he hadn't been sober; it had been an improvisation such as he

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would have put up if a cop had stopped us on the way back, the last reserve of a man whose whole life was an act.

Diamond surprised me. When we parted after leaving the others, he suddenly held out his hand, a thing he never did.

"Thanks, Dick," he said. "I don't know what we'd have done without you."

I was startled and moved by the sudden intimacy of his tone.

"Have you ever seen anything like it?" I asked in bewilderment.

"Never," he replied with a slight shake of his head. "I'll take care that I never run the risk of it again either."

His quietness and gravity were almost overwhelming. I knew that he meant it. I had a sudden flash of perception into the mind of that apparently good-natured and superficial young man, and realized that even if he was not the sort who went about sticking knives into people, his judgments could be equally final and annihilating. It really was an extraordinary evening. I went home and didn't sleep. To see unexpected depths in one person is upsetting enough; to see them in two people at the same time makes you doubt if you are really as wise as you imagine yourself to be at the age of twenty.

3

Next morning Holmes called at my office, quite himself again and with no trace of a hangover. The typist was with me, and he diverted himself by studying the joinery in my stationery cabinet.

"Shocking!" he said. "You must let me get you a proper one sometime." Then he sat in the chair at the other side of my desk. "I called to apologize," he went on in a deep voice with a slight trace of parson's unction in it. "I don't quite know what for, but Doris said I should. Was I awful?"

"Pretty bad."

"I don't remember," he said gravely, shaking his head. "I've promised Doris to give up spirits for good. We got engaged this morning. Sometimes things get too much for you. I can't live without that girl, Dick."

First he put his face in his hands, then leaned on the desk, his head buried in his arms, and sobbed. I was dreadfully embarrassed. Intimacy is all very well, but only when you know how to take it, and this was well beyond my experience. I got up and put my hand awkwardly on his shoulder.

"Did you come for congratulations or sympathy?" I asked with a lightness I didn't feel.

"That's what I'd like to know myself," he replied, straightening himself and wiping the tears from his face. "Shall I make a success of it?"

"If you don't, Doris will," I said.

"That's just what I'm afraid of," he said gravely. "I don't want her to make all the sacrifices. I've lived a hard life, but I know the decent thing when I see it."

We went out for coffee, and, brightening up, he told me again about his life and its empty temptations. They didn't sound so empty as he told them, but I could see that he coveted the permanence and seriousness of Doris. I could almost sympathize with him. That morning I felt closer to him than I had ever felt before.

But Diamond kept his word. He ceased altogether to go to the Beirnes', and Miss Adams, who had been told of the engagement, attributed it to that. I let her. Holmes now stayed at the house whenever he was in Ireland, and Doris and he went off together on his rounds. They rented a house some miles from the city, an old house with a big garden. Holmes intended to make his home in Ireland, and visit England only on business.

In odd ways he continued to disturb me, though I shan't pretend it was altogether unpleasant. He told me, for instance, that Doris and he were lovers, and I am afraid the impropriety of this was lost in the wonder of knowing that such things could be, a subject on which I was glad to be reassured. But he also told me intimate details of Doris's behavior, and I didn't altogether like that. It wasn't that these things vulgarized her in my mind; on the contrary, it was beginning to dawn on me that it was people like Doris and Tom Diamond who really knew what passion meant. It was not on her account I was troubled but on his. I was embarrassed for him as a friend, to think that at his age and with his experience he could not distinguish between the things one says and the things one doesn't say. As I write, I blush for my own ingenuousness. It wasn't until long years after that it struck me that he distinguished perfectly; that he played on my ingenuousness as he played on Doris's inexperience, for his own amusement, and that he used that standard method of seduction to seduce me as well as her. What did he want of me? Did he expect I should go and tell Tom Diamond? There was a slight suggestion of it in the ominous conversation that followed.

"I shouldn't repeat that to anyone else," I said a bit gruffly.

"I wasn't criticizing her, Dick," he replied in a reproachful tone.

"Others mightn't think so," I said, still embarrassed by the memory of his disturbing confidences.

"You mean Tom?" he asked wonderingly.

"He certainly wouldn't consider it a compliment."

"And might stick a knife in me?"

"No," I said sharply. "Doris would do that."

It was a strange conversation, superficially friendly on both sides, certainly innocent enough on mine, but with mysterious undertones which kept on sounding in my head for weeks. I didn't know whether I was imagining them or not. Sometimes the provincial astuteness came uppermost in

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me, and I felt that this was a totally impossible marriage which was bound to result in disaster; sometimes the romantic came on top, and I realized that I was a mere raw provincial boy and envied Doris the world of real experience of which I might never even touch the frontiers.

4

The wedding was fixed for a Saturday in September, and the whole Beirne family was in a state of convulsions about it. Holmes came over the week before to make the final arrangements. He seemed to be in high spirits, but the evening before he left he asked me to dinner with the family at the hotel, and when I arrived I found him in an unusually despondent mood. I didn't pay much heed to that, because he grew despondent very easily, particularly when business was bad, and then soared out of it instantaneously at the first diversion, like a kid. When he and I were outside in the hall for a few minutes, he took me by the arm.

"You've been a very good friend to Doris and me," he said gravely. "If anything happens to me, I hope you'll help her."

"What is it?" I asked. "Bankruptcy or just t.b.?"

"It's not a joke, Dick," he said with somber reproach.

"Ah," I said, "everybody goes through these hysterics a week before the show. You're not the first."

Next evening, Doris and I saw him off from Glanmire Station, and he leaned drearily out of the carriage window, scarcely raising his voice. Doris was alarmed but too well-trained to give expression to her fears till the pair of us were climbing the tunnel steps in the evening light. Then she leaned her arms on the railings and looked down at the red-brick station at the foot of its cliff, surrounded by empty yards, and with the masts of ships beyond it.

"You don't think Martin looked funny, Dick?" she said in an anxious little voice.

"He probably feels funny," I said gently. "Don't you?"

"I do," she said, as usual taking up the joke as though it were part of the conversation. "But not that way. He frightened me, Dick."

"He's probably frightened himself," I replied.

Early next morning a knock came to our door. Mother heard it and answered it. Then she came upstairs to me.

"A Mr. Diamond, I think his name is," she said with a look of alarm.

I pulled on a dressing gown and ran downstairs. It was still dark. Diamond was sitting smoking in the front room by gaslight when I came in. Of course, he had to begin with apologies for disturbing Mother — as if it mattered!

"I wonder if you'd mind coming up to Beirne's," he said. "It's about Holmes. Mr. Beirne had better tell you."

"Drunk?" I asked.

"No," he replied, "dead. He blew his brains out in the hotel at Dunleary."

I could see he was keeping his even tone only with the greatest difficulty. I dressed and went with him in a daze. The dawn was breaking. A group of trees and an old whitewashed farmhouse stood out quite clearly on the crest of Gardiner's Hill. The unreal light emphasized the unreal errand. I could have broken down and wept. Doris's father opened the door. Doris herself was sitting over the fire, tearless. Against her wishes we agreed that Diamond and I should go to Dunleary together. She clung to Diamond's coat, saying in a low voice, "No, Tom, please! please! You must let me come too."

"I can't, Doris," he said with something like anguish. "I can't go unless you stay here. You must understand that."

I wondered later if he hadn't even then some glimmering of the truth, because shortly after we reached Dunleary, Holmes's wife arrived off the boat. She was a good-looking, hard-faced, capable woman, and her only emotion seemed to be one of disgust. We got on remarkably well, considering. Considering, I mean, that poor devil in the morgue with half his fat head blown away, and the life of Doris and Tom Diamond's life blown to blazes with it. Still, I was glad when the two of us were able to go for a walk on the pier. The mail boat went out with all her lights on; the stars came out over the sea, and I realized that adventure had come to me at last, though, as I have said before, in a form I wasn't expecting.

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What was the high moment in the career of Thomas Jefferson? Was it the writing of the Declaration of Independence or was it his election as President, which, as Henry Cabot Lodge says, "definitively determined that ours should be a democratic republic"? CLAUDE G. BOWERS, *author of* Jefferson and Hamilton *and* The Tragic Era *and for the past thirteen years our ambassador to Chile, is firmly of the opinion that Jefferson's election was one of the turning points in our national story, and that Jefferson's courageous stand against the Alien and Sedition Laws set an example which should be burned into our conscience today. This is the fourth in our series of biographical essays dealing with the decisive events in the lives of famous men.*

JEFFERSON AND CIVIL LIBERTIES

by CLAUDE G. BOWERS

1

WE ARE apt to think of Thomas Jefferson primarily as a consummate politician, as indeed he was, but he was more significant as a political philosopher who entered the political arena, not in search of personal preferment, but to impose his political philosophy on American society. To him, above all, we are indebted for the democratic concept of the state. The decisive struggle came during the first years of the Republic when powerful undemocratic forces were fighting to exterminate the American freedoms. To appreciate the caliber of his leadership and the sincerity and consistency of his principles, a hasty review of his character and activities is necessary.

He was born on April 2, 1743, in his father's house at Shadwell, near the hilltop on which he was to build the beautiful home of his heart, Monticello. His father was a self-made man of the pioneer type, but because of his mother the aristocratic blood of the Randolphs coursed in his veins. When in his early boyhood his father died, he came into possession of a large estate, and aside from the management of his property he was the master of his destiny. In his seventeenth year he entered the College of William and Mary, and while his first year there found him sowing the proverbial wild oats "in the society of horse racers, card players, and fox hunters," his conscience pricked him in the second year, when he devoted fifteen hours a day to study. Adopting law as a profession, he had the immeasurable advantage of the tutelage of George Wythe, a great lawyer and jurist, a political philosopher, and a man of vast erudition. It was in these years that he read the political philosophers from ancient to modern times and discussed them in intimate conversations with his tutor.

In 1769, in his twenty-sixth year, the young country squire was sent to the Virginia House of Burgesses. The Stamp Act had infuriated the patriot party, and the conciliatory repeal was spoiled when Parliament passed the Townshend Acts imposing taxation without representation as a right. Jefferson aligned himself with the patriots.

Then came the Tea Tax, the Boston Port Bill, the rallying of the forces of opposition, and the creation of the Continental Congress to assure the united action of the colonies. When instructions to the Virginia delegation were under consideration, Jefferson submitted his own views in a paper that was profound, brilliantly and powerfully phrased, but so novel and revolutionary that the older members of the Burgesses drew back in alarm. They found an excuse to reject it; yet so deep was the impression made that they who had rejected it as instructions determined on its publication and circulation as propaganda. It reached the seasoned statesmen and politicians in the Congress, who instantly recognized in the author a political genius of a high order. So impressive was this "Summary View of the Rights of British America" that when Lord North submitted his "conciliatory proposition," which conceded something that meant nothing, the legislature turned to young Jefferson to write the reply, and this he did with such brilliance that the Continental Congress adopted it as its own.

Thus, when elected to Congress in 1775, Jefferson did not appear in Philadelphia as a stranger. His reputation as a writer and original thinker had preceded him, and when at length the hour of separation from the mother country came, the older and more seasoned men in Congress, led by John Adams, turned to him to write the historic document.

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Today the eloquent indictment of British misrule has but an academic interest, but the Preamble, setting forth concisely the elements of the democratic creed, was revolutionary and is immortal. It is surprising that this revolutionary Declaration of Independence did not figure in the debate, since many members feared and despised democracy, and were to be numbered among Jefferson's most venomous antagonists in the Homeric struggle to come.

2

THE Declaration written and adopted, the author turned his attention to Virginia, and found a seat again in the legislature. Many thought independence meant merely the substitution of a republic for a monarchy, and to Jefferson that meant nothing. For him it was an opportunity to achieve democratic reforms in the social and political systems. Virginia had just adopted a reactionary constitution, antipathetic to democracy, and without submitting it to the people. Thus in October, three months after writing the Declaration of Independence, Jefferson appeared in the legislature with dynamite in his hand.

Within four days he introduced the then drastic measure providing that tenants in tail should hold their lands in fee simple, and this struck at the very root of feudalism in Virginia. It was a deadly blow aimed at the oligarchy of the rich, and seemed all the deadlier to the aristocracy because it came from its side of the barricade. Jefferson had "turned against his class." The purpose of the system he attacked was to perpetuate wealth, by law, in a few privileged families. Against powerful opposition, he pushed his democratic measure to its passage.

He followed with another measure against the further importation of slaves. His reference to this iniquity in the Declaration of Independence had been stricken out to prevent a sectional schism. Again the opposition was so strong that it was laid aside, lest an insistence on its passage imperil other reform measures that had a chance to pass. Even so, Jefferson again had made men think on the evil. He was always opposed to slavery on both economic and moral grounds. "This abomination must have an end," he wrote, "and there is a superior bench reserved in heaven for those who hasten it."

He also introduced a measure for popular education through public schools, maintained through the taxation of the well-to-do. This too was savagely fought by men of property who could see no reason why they should be taxed for the education of the poor man's son; and so persistent was the opposition that years were to intervene before popular education was possible in Virginia.

But most impassioned of all was the battle waged against the adoption of Jefferson's bill for the separation of Church and State and his Ordinance of Religious Freedom. For generations, denominations opposed to the Established Church had been subjected to persecution. Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, and Quakers holding services in their own houses had been declared guilty of a crime, and dissenting preachers had been dragged from the pulpit and thrown into filthy, vermin-infested jails. Jefferson proposed that men should have the right to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience. But he had more in view in his proposed separation of Church and State. The Established Church had long been a powerful ally of the political oligarchy of the feudalistic aristocracy, with political preachers joining the reactionary politicians against progress and reforms. So stubborn was the opposition to the Ordinance of Religious Freedom that it was not until after Jefferson had gone to Paris that it became a law.

These democratic reforms incurred the lasting hatred of the reactionary aristocracy and alienated cherished friends, but the rising democratic forces rallied around Jefferson, and in June, 1779, he was elected Governor of Virginia. Here his enemies were to have their revenge. It was at the darkest hour of the Revolution in Virginia. Washington with his army was in the North; war matériel, on Washington's appeal, had been sent to him; and on Washington's insistence, Virginia soldiers had been sent to reinforce the army in North Carolina, when the invasion came, and found Virginia unprepared. When, very soon after Jefferson's retirement, Washington and Lafayette with the full force of the patriotic army swept into the state and victory perched upon its banners, Jefferson's enemies made the most of it.

Sensitive to criticism, Jefferson retired to Monticello, but it too had its shadows now. His wife, to whom he was tenderly devoted, died, leaving him in the deepest gloom. It was then, partly to divert his mind, that he turned to the writing of his *Notes on Virginia*, his only book. It is still readable today.

On the insistence of his friends, he returned to public life and re-entered Congress in the autumn of 1783. His leadership was conceded, and he, who had written the Declaration of Independence, piloted the peace treaty to its ratification, despite the incredible obstacles in the way. Under his chairmanship, plans for the temporary government of the Northwest Territory were drawn. Into his draft he wrote: "After the year 1800 of the Christian era, there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in any of the said States [to be carved from the Territory] otherwise than in punishment of crimes." Again Jefferson's prohibition was stricken out, but his proposal created sentiment and it was included in the Northwest Ordinance of 1787.

In the summer of 1784, Jefferson went to France as Minister, and one gets the impression that he was happier in Paris than in any other post he held. Here he was to remain five years, relishing tran-

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quillity. Elegantly housed, conversing with the French philosophers and artists, avidly interested in the premonitions of the Revolution, he still had time for reading and writing, and in the cloistered room he had in the Carthusian Monastery he could hide himself away for meditation. He scoured the bookstalls for new and rare volumes, roamed the streets in search of history and beauty, frequented the studio of Houdon, and excitedly inspected new inventions and mechanical devices. He enjoyed the company of Mme Helvétius, mildly flirted with the Princesse de Tessé and Mme de Corney, and, less mildly, with Marie Cosway, the artist, whose friendship was to last into old age.

Once only he had a warning of the struggle he was to encounter on his return. On reading the American Constitution, he was shocked by the absence of a Bill of Rights to protect the people against the abuse of power. Hotly he rallied his friends at home to action. "A Bill of Rights," he wrote indignantly to Madison, "is what the people are entitled to against every government on earth . . . and which no just government should refuse or rest on inference." In the first Congress, Madison responded with the first Ten Amendments, which supplied the need. Soon, back home, Jefferson would have to put on the armor of militant leadership to save the Bill of Rights from the erasure of reactionary antidemocratic forces. The struggle for democracy in America had not been won. He went home on leave, expecting to return to Paris, and it was without elation that he consented to enter Washington's Cabinet as Secretary of State.

Such was Jefferson's background in principles and action when the dramatic final struggle began which was to determine definitely whether ours should be a democratic republic.

3

Henceforth his life was to be more violently controversial, and gradually, even reluctantly, the philosopher merged into the active politician fighting for the tenets of his political philosophy. In social circles in Philadelphia and New York he was shocked by what he saw and heard. Speculators were absorbed in accumulating wealth by hook or crook, and Society was dreaming of a court. Under the brilliant leadership of Alexander Hamilton, the Federalist Party, scornfully antidemocratic, was thoroughly entrenched. Its leaders were clever, eloquent, resourceful, and ruthless, supported by the rich merchants of seaboard cities and the bankers, speculators, and manufacturers. Small merchants and artisans were as dirt; tillers of the earth were beneath the notice of government, and these, widely scattered, did not easily lend themselves to organization and direction. The Federalists were intent to create a strong government to which the rich should be bound by mercenary interest.

Jefferson observed the drift with consternation. Very soon Hamilton was presuming to direct foreign policy, and brushes in council, distasteful to Jefferson, became frequent. He did not like Hamilton's Bank, and he distrusted Hamilton's obsession on an army. At length he and Madison agreed on the necessity for an organized opposition, but there was little that could be done. Congress was dominated by the Federalists. The Federal courts were packed with Federalist politicians willing to sit in party caucuses. The Federalists had a powerful propaganda organ in Fenno's paper, and soon Cobbett's *Porcupine* was pouring forth abuse on the despised democrats and especially on Jefferson. It was then that Jefferson encouraged Philip Freneau, the poet, to start a paper in opposition. Soon Hamilton anonymously was writing bitter attacks on his colleague, but Jefferson refrained from retaliation. Twice in disgust he tendered his resignation only to be persuaded by Washington to remain, but he tendered his third resignation definitively. There was nothing he could do by remaining. The policies he had opposed were largely economic. The enemies of democracy had not yet emerged openly to tear down the sustaining pillars of liberty and popular government, and on the issues then involved the people had their remedy at the polls.

He returned to his loved hilltop to cultivate his acres, to tend his flowers and potatoes, to read, write, meditate, and converse amicably with friends and neighbors. He observed the Jay Treaty with distaste as a document bearing the stamp of Downing Street, and concluded that "while all hands were below deck, everyone at his own business, and the captain in his cabin attending to the log book, a rogue of a pilot had run the ship into an enemy's port." But it was not the Jay Treaty that put him on his mettle.

The Federalists were now planning to go beyond policies to principles. They were now denouncing the Democratic Societies as tools of the Jacobins and were demanding their suppression. Here was something that struck at the heart of liberty, reduced democracy to a major crime, and erased from the Constitution the Bill of Rights Jefferson had demanded as a protection of the people against the abuse of power. Here was tyranny in incubation, and Jefferson was astonished that it had come so soon. "To demand that censors of public measures be given up for punishment is to renew the demand of the wolves that the sheep give up their dogs as hostages of peace," he wrote Giles of Virginia.

But there was no overt act as yet. Meanwhile the Federalists, fearing his opposition to their plans most of all, were increasing the ferocity of their slanders. Was not Jefferson a Jacobin — a tool of France — an assassin of Kings — a friend of anarchy — an atheist — the inciter of the Whiskey Rebellion? He turned in contempt from this fusillade to his fields and gardens, his books, correspondence, and

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friends. "Let Adams have it," he said when urged to be a candidate for President in 1796. To Madison he wrote that in the event of a tie he wished that "Mr. Adams may be preferred." He wrote others that he would be happier "with the society of friends and neighbors, friends and fellow workers of the earth," than with "spies and sycophants." When the pressure upon him increased he wrote Madison that he wanted nothing, but if his friends insisted, he would accept second place — though he would prefer the third, nothing. Thus he reached the Vice Presidency in 1801 and, unknowingly, approached the great moment of his life.

4

If Jefferson thought of the Vice Presidency as an ivory tower whence in philosophic calm he could observe trends and events and quietly advise his friends, he was almost immediately disillusioned. The Federalists, determined on their quarrel with the French Republic, were pushing toward war. Gouverneur Morris, antidemocratic and antirepublican, our Minister in France, had aligned himself militantly against the Revolution. When, none too soon, he was recalled, Monroe, the Jeffersonian, was sent, and was betrayed by his own government. When Monroe was recalled and Pinckney, the Federalist, was sent, the French refused to receive him — and the war hawks clamored for war. Hamilton, however, was chary and proposed the sending of a commission with two Federalists and one Jeffersonian, Gerry. But the moment the Commissioners set sail, the Federalists began a campaign of provocation against our ally in the Revolution.

Such was the atmosphere when Congress convened in the early winter of 1797. Having silenced the Democratic Societies by intimidation and denunciation, the Federalists felt that the time seemed ripe to wipe out the "heresy of democracy" and to blacken the reputation of democratic leaders — especially Jefferson. The batteries of abuse were turned upon him; his character was assailed, his reputation attacked, his personal honor besmirched. He was an "atheist"; an "anarchist"; the "libeler of Washington"; the "tool of Robespierre," then dead; a "liar"; and worse than all, a "democrat." Subjected to the snubs and insults of Society, he shunned it to spend his evenings in the library of the Philosophical Society, of which he was president.

The Congressional session opened with a Message of Adams so wild that Jefferson thought it "insane." So fantastic became the propaganda that the *Porcupine* was denouncing all revolutions, not excluding our own, as the work of "knaves, fools, and philosophers," Jefferson being the knave, the fool, the philosopher.

Then came the XYZ episode, the demand of Talleyrand on the Commission for a bribe; and the war hawks were beside themselves with glee. Jefferson, shocked by the infamy of Talleyrand, refused to believe that the demand had had the sanction of the French government. But the hysteria of the man in the street alarmed him. When the XYZ papers arrived and were hurried to the press he was too good a political psychologist to underestimate the danger. "Art and industry combined have certainly wrought out of the business a wonderful effect on the people," he wrote Edmund Pendleton, the Virginia jurist.

Now the atmosphere for extreme measures was just right — just right for the Alien and Sedition Laws. Fed on falsehoods, the public opinion was ready for any stupidity. The hysteria was encouraged by the *Porcupine*, resorting to the lowest form of yellow journalism and featuring the fantastic tale that the French army had landed in South Carolina and was burning farmhouses, ravishing women, and kidnaping children — and the mobs in the streets of Philadelphia and New York howled.

Knowing that Congress was dominated by the warmongers and the foes of democracy, Jefferson advised his friends in Congress to seek an adjournment to permit a consultation with constituents — actually to gain time for the truth to catch up with the lies. But the Federalists, now booted and spurred, were riding hard and paid no heed.

Thus Jefferson, philosopher of democracy, presided in silence in the Senate, listening to the reading of the Alien and Sedition Laws and the debate that followed. Here was a clear call to him — to his active leadership. He had opposed the Hamiltonian measures, but as long as the people could speak and write, remonstrate and petition, the remedy for such was in their hands. Yet here was an open declaration of war against free speech, and the liberty of the press, and the right to petition for a redress of grievances. Here, brutally frank, was the blotting out of the Bill of Rights on which he had insisted. Finding that the warmongers were talking of "Septembrizing, deportation, and the examples of quelling sedition set by the French executives," he concluded that "all the firmness of the human mind is now in a state of requisition."

Then it was that he assumed the active leadership of the opposition, and the consummate politician emerged to defend the tenets of his philosophy. He thought the Alien Law aimed at the Irish Catholics, who were robust republicans, and certainly not at "Porcupine," who was flaunting the pictures of George III and Lord North in his office windows. When Hamilton Rowan, the Irish patriot, was threatened, Jefferson offered him the sanctuary of Monticello, but in the Terror in preparation the Alien Law was to play an inconspicuous part. The major role was reserved for the Sedition Law.

Coldly calm and apparently unmoved, Jefferson looked down upon the debate on this vicious measure, unable to secure a hearing for its opponents.

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He had urged these to concentrate their arguments on the unconstitutionality of the measure, and men like Madison, Livingston, and Gallatin were prepared. But when they tried to speak they could not be heard for the coughing, laughing, loud talking, and scraping of feet on the floor.

But if Jefferson could not hear his friends he heard his enemies and was appalled. The democratic press was to be silenced, free speech denied, the right of petition proscribed; and the democratic "heresy" was to be crushed if need be by armed force. Livingston was denounced as a traitor for proposing that Gerry should renew negotiations in Paris; the *Aurora* was "seditious" for telling the Irish what the Alien Law meant for them; and "seditious," too, the Congressmen daring to write their constituents about these strange proceedings. When a Jeffersonian asked if it was "proposed to prevent members from speaking what they please or from reaching their people," the suave Robert Harper, leading for the majority, agreed that they might speak in the House but that it would be "seditious" to publish what they said there.

5

The Sedition Law was passed and the Terror began. The *Commercial-Advertiser* of New York immediately began denouncing all men as traitors who dared question the Sedition Act. Federal judges began charging grand juries in praise of the law and in denunciation of its critics. The Federalist organ in New York was laying down the rule: "When a man is heard to inveigh against the Sedition Law he deserves to be suspected."

The purpose was to terrorize the people into silence. Jefferson's faith in the spirit of the people convinced him that this would fail. His fear was elsewhere. He feared the rising of the people in revolt and the dissolution of the Union, and he warned his followers against insurrection. "Nothing could be so fatal," he wrote Pendleton. "Anything like force would check the progress of public opinion and rally [the people] against the Government. This is not the kind of opposition the American people will permit. But keep away all show of force and they will bear down all the propensities of the government by the constitutional means of election and petition." Here we have the caliber of his leadership, his consummate genius as political strategist and statesman.

He made no public speeches, wrote neither articles nor pamphlets; but the sponsors of the repressive measures feared him most. Ruffians played the rogue's march beneath his windows; his mail was burdened with threatening letters; spies penetrated into his home to report his conversation, and spies dogged his footsteps and watched his house. Timothy Pickering was feverishly searching his writings to find an isolated phrase on which he could be arrested for "sedition." His mail was tampered with, opened, read, withheld; and he explained to Madison his failure to sign his name "which has been rendered almost habitual with me by the necessity of the post office; indeed the period is now approaching when I shall discontinue writing letters as much as possible, knowing that every snare will be used to get hold of what may be perverted." Surrounded by treachery, he had to deny himself to all but trusted friends. With these he had personal contact, and through these he reached others — especially his leaders in every state. His contacts with Madison, Gallatin, and Giles were close and constant, and through them he directed the Congressional strategy of his party.

But when the Terror came he was not prepared for its ferocity. Serenaded along with his friends by the rogue's march at night, he had abuse poured upon him at Federalist dinners, and the Federalist press, taking its cue from *Porcupine*, was exhausting the vocabulary of vilification, and the pulpit was bearing false witness while flinging mud, and Eastern colleges were promiscuously passing out honorary degrees to Federalistic politicians of no intellectual distinction while none went to the president of the Philadelphia Philosophical Society, the friend of Franklin and Rittenhouse. For all this, Jefferson was prepared. He was not prepared for the stump speeches of Federal judges in glorification of the Sedition Law and in denunciation of its critics, or for the cynical brutality of these courts in the mock trials of democratic editors. Nor for the smug complacency of governmental officials when drunken mobs fell on editors with guns and clubs and tried to wreck the office of the *Aurora*. The arrest and persecution of Matthew Lyon, a Vermont patriot, editor, and Congressman, amazed him. The editor in a letter had referred to "Adams' continual grasp for power" and his "ridiculous pomp." For this he was arrested for "sedition," convicted in a farcical trial, and conveyed by armed men on horseback to a loathsome jail forty miles away. The men who had followed Ethan Allen prepared to demolish the jail to effect his rescue but were restrained by Lyon's appeal to them to resort to legal methods only. He was then elected to Congress by a large majority, and Jefferson and his friends raised the money to pay his fine.

The right of petition had become "seditious." John C. Ogden, carrying a petition for Lyon's release to Philadelphia, was arrested; on his release a gang prepared to scourge him in the streets of Litchfield when the arrival of a rescue party intervened. It had become "seditious" to solicit funds to pay Lyon's fine; and when Anthony Haskell, a Vermont editor, appealed for funds through his paper, rightly describing Lyon's jailer as "a Tory," he was arrested in the night and taken by armed men on horseback sixty miles in a pouring rain to a miserable jail, and denied permission to dry his soaking clothes. He was

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hurried to trial before Federal Judge Patterson, pronounced guilty of "sedition" without ceremony, and denied the right of defense.

Nothing was too petty for the inquisitors. When an illiterate Revolutionary soldier, David Brown, was found distributing attacks of his own crude composition on the Sedition Law, he was denounced as "Jefferson's agent paid to spread sedition." Had he not taken part in the raising of a liberty pole? Worse still, had it not borne the inscription "No Stamp Tax; No Sedition Law"? Had he not paid to have the inscription painted — and actually held the ladder for the man who put it up? Dragged before Chase, the grand inquisitor, who was shocked by the man's "turpitude," he was fined beyond all reason and sent to jail for a year and a half.

Most infamous perhaps was the cruel persecution of Thomas Adams, the powerful editor of the *Independent Chronicle* of Boston. His arrest for "sedition" followed his criticism of an act of the Massachusetts legislature. While gravely ill, he was dragged before Chief Justice Dana, who, in an inflammatory charge to the jury, not only denounced the editor and the democratic press, but savagely attacked the lawyers for the defense as guilty of "sedition." Thus it had become dangerous for a lawyer to defend a man charged under the Sedition Law. It is not surprising that Dana refused the challenge of these lawyers to publish his atrocious charge. With protests hammering on the jail door, Adams finally was released, but three weeks later the sick man was dead.

The climax of reactionary stupidity came with the arrest of Jeremiah Peck for the crime of circulating a petition to Congress for the repeal of the Alien and Sedition Laws. Peck was a Federalist, and the petition had been written by the author of the famous "Newburg Letters," also a Federalist. When Peck was dragged from his bed by armed men, put on a horse in manacles, and for five days paraded through villages and towns en route to New York, the people were shocked and enlightened. Here was Federalism on parade; here was the Sedition Law before their eyes. Here, in these arrests and trials, was a brutally frank attempt to wipe out all the fundamental freedoms guaranteed by a Constitution that had become a door mat, and to make the democratic instinct of the people a crime against the state.

6

JEFFERSON fixed his hope on the approaching elections when the people would have their inning at the polls. Meanwhile, these crimes against the people had to be kept before them, and the debate continued until the opening of the polls. Jefferson had no ambition for office, but around him alone could the people be rallied, since he had become the symbol of their defense. In the late summer of 1798 a memorable conference was held under the trees on the lawn of Monticello. There sat Jefferson, who had inspired it, with Nicholas of Virginia and John Breckenridge of Kentucky. Madison, unable to attend, was in accord with the purpose. This was to devise a plan to impress upon the people the violations of the Constitution, and to force agitation and debate in every state in the Union. It was to launch a movement against the Sedition Law through the legislatures with resolutions denouncing it as unconstitutional. Today the constitutionality of a law can safely be tested in the Supreme Court; at that time the Court was packed with partisans of the law, and no one was more virulent in denouncing its critics than these Federal judges.

Thus came the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions. Jefferson knew that the Alien and Sedition Laws would lead inevitably to the dissolution of the Union. The Resolutions therefore called for their repeal. They set forth the compact theory of the Union, but this played no part in the debates that were to follow. The Federalist legislature of Maryland rejected the Resolutions as "improper" because they called for the repeal of the Alien and Sedition Laws; that of Delaware because they were "a very unjustifiable interference with the general government."

Jefferson's justification for the Resolutions is quite clear. If, he said, these laws should stand, "these conclusions will flow from them: that the General Government may place any act they think proper on the list of crimes, and punish it themselves, whether enumerated or not enumerated by the Constitution or cognizable of them; that they may transfer its cognizance to the President or any other person who may himself be the accuser, counsel, judge, and jury, and whose *Suspicion* may be evidence, his *Order* the sentence, his *Officer* the executioner, and whose breast the sole record of the transaction." He knew that "unless the acts of tyranny be arrested on the threshold it would drive the States into Revolution, furnish new calumnies against republican government, and new pretexts for those who wish it to be believed that man cannot be governed but by an iron rod."

He wrote Madison that the plan would be to affirm all important principles in the Resolutions but to "leave the matter in such a train as that we may not be committed absolutely to push matters to extremities." The various legislatures were to be asked "to concur . . . in declaring as it does hereby declare, that the acts are null and void and of no force or effect."

The Resolutions served their purpose. In every legislature there were debates, which were reported in the press; and in country stores, in streets and fields, the Resolutions were discussed by the people until they came to know the significance of the crisis confronting them. Interest was intensified and general, and the freedoms guaranteed by the Bill of Rights became the paramount issue in the Presi-

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dential contest approaching. And Jefferson, the leader, became the candidate of the opposition.

Indeed, fidelity to the fundamentals of his political philosophy had literally pitched the philosopher into the cockpit of party politics. He outlined and directed the Congressional strategy of his party and inspired the writing of letters and pamphlets and the establishment of newspapers wherever needed. Insisting on the distribution of pamphlets and leaflets, he summoned his followers to find the money. He made out a subscription list, setting down opposite each name the amount expected. He urged Madison to set aside a portion of each day for writing, and asked his followers in Congress to flood their constituents with letters that were read avidly in country stores, until the infuriated Federalists, now alarmed, called on their tools on the Federal bench to denounce the writers as "seditious."

Meanwhile a war over the XYZ episode offered the once powerful party of Hamilton a possible way out. If there could only be a war! Jefferson had written Gerry bluntly that his friends were critical because he did not "more explicitly state whether there was in your colleagues [Marshall and Pinckney] that flexibility which persons earnest after peace would have practiced; whether, on the contrary, their demeanor was not cold, reserved and distant at least if not backward." He was warned that "your fellow citizens feel they have a right to full information." And now Gerry was home, going over his report with John Adams in the house in Quincy. The President was stunned by the revelation of the treachery of his Cabinet — especially Pickering. True to the Adams character — petty in small things, majestically great in big things — he took matters into his own hands. He would resume negotiations with the French. The warmongers writhed in agony of spirit and sharpened their knives for the little man they no longer could deceive.

And Jefferson, delighted now with Gerry, was instructing Edmund Pendleton to reduce the voluminous report to a capitulation "stating everything, short, simple, and leveled to every capacity," and concise enough to permit its publication on handbills. With this he would flood the country and reach all the people. Thus the XYZ episode dwindled to a farce.

Threatened now with the triumph of Jefferson at the polls, the Federalist leaders met in the drawing room of the Binghams to devise a plan to rob him of the victory they feared. It was proposed that the certificates of electoral votes and papers should go to a committee composed of six members of the House and Senate, headed by the Chief Justice. The Federalists, in the majority, would go into secret session and decide which votes should be counted and which thrown out. The plan to keep this sinister project from the public failed when Duane of the *Aurora* received two copies, under cover, and published it to the world. Nothing daunted, the Federalists in their desperation prepared to force their project through, despite the powerful constitutional argument of Thomas Pinckney, the Jeffersonian, when to their consternation and disgust John Marshall joined the opposition on the issue. He forced amendments to which his fellow partisans could not agree, and the measure died between the House and Senate.

On the adjournment of Congress, Jefferson retired temporarily to the seclusion and serenity of Monticello. His work was done. He rode over his plantation, still interested in his peas and potatoes, his flowers and flocks. Perhaps he turned a page or two of his favorite, Ossian, so remote from politics. When Mari's pianoforte arrived, he personally attended to the tuning. He wrote gossipy letters about a murder in the neighborhood and about the chitchat of the neighbors. The vile attacks on his public and private character had never been so low, and from numerous pulpits he was blackguarded as an "atheist." He ignored these attacks, taking notice of but one fulmination from a preacher. "If the precepts of the Gospel are intended for those who preach as well as for others," he said dryly, "he will some day feel the duty of repentance."

He had led the fight against the most powerful attempt in our history to destroy the elemental freedoms in defense of the "American way of life," and of the fundamentals of liberty and democracy, but in the gloom of that dark day there was one shaft of light: he owed his final triumph to the two greatest opponents he ever had, John Marshall and Alexander Hamilton. The former killed the plan concocted in the Bingham drawing room to rob him of his victory at the polls; and when the Federalist extremists proposed to abandon their candidate and throw their votes to Aaron Burr, it was Hamilton who defeated that maneuver. Generations later, Henry Cabot Lodge, in his biography of Hamilton, was to write that the election of Jefferson "definitively determined that ours should be a democratic republic."

Putting aside his preference for the contemplative life to lead in the bitter struggle for the freedoms of a democracy, the politician fought to make the ideals of the philosopher a vital part of the "American way of life," and thus he rendered his greatest service to his country and humanity.

(*"Socrates on Trial," by Irwin Edman, the fifth article in this series, will appear in the February* Atlantic.)

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ANN MASTERS *was one of the youngest women executives in banking when she left this field to start a career in writing. She edited a publication for school children in New York and later moved to Connecticut, where she became a feature writer for the Bridgeport* Sunday Post. *At present she is associate editor on an industrial newspaper in Bridgeport. The article that follows results from two years which Miss Masters spent gathering material in Europe, mostly in France, with Rose C. Feld, author and journalist.*

COGNAC FOR BREAKFAST

by ANN MASTERS

1

ROSE and I went by bus from Tours to Vernou, to take part in the Marquenets' wine-making. We arrived on a starlit Sunday evening. Étienne, the young farm hand who lived with the Marquenets, met us at the bus stop with wheelbarrow and flashlight. Hefting our suitcases into the barrow, he told us supper was waiting for us.

We had tried to get some idea from the Marquenets of what it would cost us to come as paying guests. But that question had been left hanging. "It all depends," Monsieur Marquenet had said, smiling quizzically.

"On what?" we asked.

"On whether you will be workers or observers. Let us wait and see."

"I think they will be observers," our friend Colette, who had introduced us to the Marquenets, had declared. "Picking grapes is not child's play after the first half hour. It gets you in the back."

Patou, a large, shaggy dog of dubious ancestry, barked loudly as we entered the gate, announcing our arrival. We crossed the dark courtyard and went into the kitchen, one of a series of four caves that lined one side of the courtyard. The hanging, unshaded electric light and a radio were the only modern things in the room. There was a fire of grape fagots burning in the fireplace. From the crane hung a marmite, a three-legged, round-bellied iron pot from which the savory odors of a soup were escaping. At one side of the fireplace was a cookstove, fed with wood. A round oilcloth-covered table, a few chairs, a bench along one wall, a wall cupboard, completed the furnishings.

Greetings over, we were invited to sit down at the table. We had an *apéritif* of Vouvray to start with, and then Madame Marquenet rose to fetch the soup. Watching her as she bent over the marmite, her face, wreathed in smiles, lit up by the burning fagots, I was warmed by a feeling that not only had we stepped into a different way of life but we had also traveled back a century or two in time.

Besides us, the Marquenets had another guest, Claude, a stocky, sturdy, well-built boy of twelve who was to work in the *vendange*. He lived and went to school at near-by Tours but, as was the custom of the country, he had been excused from classes for the period of the grape harvest. The other *vendangeurs*, friends and neighbors, would arrive in the morning for breakfast.

"During a *vendange*," Monsieur Marquenet explained, "the workers eat all their meals at the home of the vintner. That constitutes food wages. The money wages, standard throughout the country, are 195 francs a day this year. Every *vendangeur* knows beforehand what they are to be, for they are announced over the radio." In American money this amounted to about 65 cents.

The soup, fortified by bits of bread broken into it, was followed by a meat dish, a vegetable, a salad, and cheese. We were on the last when our hosts began gently probing into our intentions for the next day.

"Perhaps," said Madame Marquenet, "you would like to sleep late tomorrow morning. You can go to the vineyards in the afternoon."

"But, no," we declared, "we'll begin at the same time as the others do. What time shall we be down?"

"Breakfast is at seven."

We climbed up the hill to the home of our friend Colette, where we had a room for the period of the *vendange*. We had barely fallen asleep, or so it seemed, when Étienne called us. My instinct was to turn over, but Rose, made of more heroic fiber, called out cheerfully, "*Merci*, Étienne."

"I am leaving the flashlight at the door," he answered.

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We dressed quickly in slacks, jackets, coats, and heavy shoes. The moon was still in the sky and the stars were shimmering through the mists as we made our way down the hill. The crowing of the rooster, the cackling of hens, the amiable barking of Patou, greeted us as we entered the courtyard. Madame Marquenet, wiping her hands on her apron, welcomed us at the kitchen door.

A fragrant smell of coffee and burning grape fagots filled the room. Overnight, the place had been transformed. The round table on which we had eaten the evening before had been pushed into a recess, and in its place was a long, planked, oilcloth-covered table ranged against the wall bench. It was set for breakfast. In the middle were four large platters of food, an enormous loaf of bread about a yard long and a foot wide, and several bottles of red wine. One platter held herring garnished with chopped celery and onion; another, sausage; a third, rillette — a paste made of pork for which Touraine is famous; a fourth, goat cheese. At the far end of the table were two bowls, two coffee spoons, two knives, two napkins, and two wineglasses. The eight other places held nothing but wineglasses.

Étienne and Claude were already seated on the bench, eager and alert. Within a few minutes, we heard voices, and feet stamping in the courtyard; and the others, with Monsieur Marquenet in their midst, came in. There were four of them — two girls in their late teens and two young men, one in his early twenties, the other several years younger. The girls slipped out of their wooden sabots and put on *espadrilles* before they entered the room.

Gravely, Monsieur Marquenet introduced them to us — Josette, Laure, René, and Henri. We were Mademoiselle Rose and Mademoiselle Ann. The following day, he told us, there would be two other *vendangeurs*, a man and his wife, coming from Tours. The wife would help with the cooking, the man with the wine-making. After shaking hands all around, we sat down to breakfast. The places with the bowls were ours.

Before taking her place at the table, Madame Marquenet filled our pint-size bowls with steaming coffee and hot milk. Nobody else got coffee. Then, standing before her chair, she held the giant loaf against her bosom and began cutting thick slices of bread. A slice cut, she jabbed it with the point of her knife and held it out to each in turn. This, we discovered, was the plate on which each one placed his food as the platters were passed.

The technique was a simple one. You served yourself with the herring mixture or sausage by putting it on a portion of the bread, making a sort of open sandwich. Then you used your knife to cut off a mouthful. The men pulled jackknives out of their pockets; the girls, apologizing for their forgetfulness, went to the cupboard for table knives like ours. While Madame Marquenet was cutting bread, the wine bottles were passed around and the glasses filled, our own among them. It was a marvelous breakfast, the best we had ever eaten in France. Talk during that first meal was somewhat constrained. We were strangers, Americans, and they didn't quite know how to take us.

When the food was consumed, Madame Marquenet went to the fireplace and came back with the coffeepot. Each one drained his wine, and the strong, hot coffee was poured into the emptied glasses. I had not quite finished my coffee when Rose nudged me to call my attention to Monsieur Marquenet, next to whom I was sitting. He was offering me a bottle of something.

"What is it?" I asked, aware that all eyes were on me.

"Cognac, *Mademoiselle*," he replied. "Will you help yourself?"

"Cognac for breakfast!" I looked at him and then at the others, who were watching me. I wasn't going to be caught out that way. "You're joking," I said.

"Not at all," he answered, and to prove it he placed a lump of sugar in the small amount of coffee he had left in his glass, poured a little cognac over it, and, as I still hesitated, passed the bottle to the others. I realized then that he had offered the bottle to me first out of courtesy. Twelve-year-old Claude nonchalantly served himself in turn, remarking with a look of precocious wisdom, "It is cold in the vineyards in the morning." The others agreed and I decided to protect myself against the elements. "We can't fall by the wayside," I said to Rose, serving both of us. "We will, after this," she answered, but there was a look of pleasure on her face as she drained the glass.

Breakfast was over. The eight-pound loaf of bread was practically finished. What remained Madame Marquenet cut up in chunks and threw to the dog and the two cats. Four bottles of wine had been emptied. Before rising from the table, each one with a morsel of soft bread wiped his knife clean. René put his knife into his pocket; Henri, Étienne, and Claude, with a dexterous turn of the hand, stuck theirs into the underside of the table at their places.

Madame Marquenet produced two enormous aprons for Rose and me and tied them securely over our coats. "You'll need them," she declared. "The juice will run down your clothes." As we walked out the door, Rose, with an admiring look backwards, remarked, "Ten people for breakfast and nothing to wash but a few platters and wineglasses!"

2

Our first stop was at the wine cave of Monsieur Marquenet. There René, who had preceded us, was waiting with the *charrette*, a high, two-wheeled wagon hitched to a horse. Loaded on the vehicle

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were three enormous casks, the insides of which were stained a beautiful purple; a large, conical basket, equally lovely in color; and a number of pails. The stain, Étienne explained, came from the black grapes used in making red wine. The red wine *vendange*, always earlier, had been finished about a month ago. Over one of the casks, a huge hopper that looked like a giant coffee grinder was mounted.

Shyly, René asked us if we wished to ride to the vineyards, about a kilometer away. Looking at the laden cart, we said we'd walk. Josette and Laure decided otherwise. Placing a saboted foot on the hub of the tall wheel, they clambered into the cart and squeezed in between the barrels. With Monsieur Marquenet and the others, we followed the slow-moving wagon on foot. The morning air was sharp and cold and we were grateful for the bracer we had taken.

The vineyards stretched for acres and acres before us. At first we thought they all belonged to Monsieur Marquenet, but he told us that he owned only a small parcel of this land. Following a deeply rutted wagon road, René stopped at the Marquenet property. He handed a pail and a *sécateur*, the small, sharp grape-cutting scissors, to each of us.

Two workers were assigned to a row of vines, one to cut on each side. Rose and I, watching the others, took our places at our row and began snipping the clusters of grapes and dropping them into our pails. It looked like simple work and it is, but it is backbreaking. The vines grow to a height of about thirty inches, and some of the clusters on the lower branches hang down to the earth.

Rose, having a weak back, found bending over difficult and, to save herself, developed a method of her own. Instead of stooping in orthodox fashion as the rest of us did, she squatted on her haunches and moved sideways along the row in crab fashion.

With careful precision, we snipped the healthy, golden clusters, leaving the dry, mildewed, or rotten grapes on the vine. It was Étienne who, watching us protectively out of the corner of his eye, came to tell us of the error of our ways. Quickly he snipped the grapes that we had left behind. Everything was used, he explained, the dry, the rotten, the mildewed. They gave flavor to the wine, he said.

When the pails were full, René, with the wide-mouthed conical basket or *hotte* slung over his shoulders and strapped to his back, walked between the long rows and each *vendangeur* emptied his grapes into the *hotte*, crushing them down with the bottom of his pail to tighten the load. The full *hotte* weighed about sixty pounds. René returned it to the *charrette*, emptied the basket into the mounted hopper, and, turning a hand crank, crushed the grapes into the cask beneath.

There was a simple and efficient system to his movements. By the time he returned to our post, after crushing his load of grapes, our pail had to be full again. It was a sort of assembly-line timing, our speed guided and controlled by the methodical rhythm of René's coming and going.

At first we were slow and felt embarrassed when, our pails but partly full, we saw René descending upon us. Again Étienne, with sensitive courtesy, helped us out. His own pail full, he laughingly came over to us and, with several deft movements, added to our store. After a time, our fingers became more nimble and when René arrived we were ready for him.

Occasionally we had a few moments, as the others did, to stop and eat a particularly fine bunch of grapes. With hands and wrists dripping juice, we held the golden clusters up to our lips and bit into them, not stopping to pick off each individual grape. We were grateful for the protection offered our clothes by the aprons.

From the moment he had assigned us our first row, Monsieur Marquenet left us severely alone. But we knew that, from where he was working, he was observing us and making note of our progress. His keen eyes, as he moved about, swept our finished rows and heaping pailfuls, missing nothing. At midmorning he casually strolled over to us. Our pails were magnificently full to overflowing.

"I am going back to the cave, *Mesdemoiselles*," he said. "Would you like to stop now and come with me?"

"But, no," we answered. "The work isn't finished."

His face crinkled in a pleased smile. "Workers, not observers," he said. "Good." He grinned impishly at René, who had stopped to collect our hoard. "Not bad," René commented as we hefted the pails into the basket with a now practiced hand. His smile showed approval. We had a feeling that René had been skeptical about our skill and endurance and that we had scored a victory for Monsieur Marquenet. We had not felt consciously uncomfortable before, but suddenly we sensed that the atmosphere was different. It was warm and intimate and friendly; invisible barriers had dissolved.

3

At the end of three hours, the last cask was full. Wearily we stood up straight and stretched our aching limbs. Our hands were gummy with juice and mildew and, ineffectively, we tried to clean them with clumps of wayside grass. Henri, holding a large cluster of grapes, showed us a more efficient way. Squeezing the cluster between his palms, he washed his hands with the flowing juice. Then, kneeling, he rubbed them dry over the grass. We followed his example and walked behind the wagon with him on the road back to the cave.

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He and René, he told us, were brothers. Their father had died the year before and René, who was twenty-four, was now the head of the family. Like others in the community, they owned vineyards and a wine cave. With the help of Monsieur Marquenet, who was neighbor, friend, and adviser, they had finished making their own wine the week before. It had been a plentiful year, he said; the cave was full of good new wine. "The horse and *charrette*," he added with a certain possessive pride, "belong to us. We have a friendly arrangement with Monsieur Marquenet, just as my father did. He helps us during our *vendange* and we help him with his."

He went forward to lend a hand as René, with gentle words of encouragement, backed the reluctant horse into the dim recesses of the cave. The wagon was stopped before the wine press, and the three casks of crushed grapes were emptied into it. The press, mounted on a cement platform, consisted of an enormous circular container made of slats of wood with interstices between and belted with iron bands. Above it, suspended from the ceiling, was a huge wooden contraption, a giant wheel with heavy spokes, which could be lowered and raised by a hand crank. The pressing, we were told, would be done at the end of the day, after the haul of the afternoon was added to the morning's.

From the half-filled press came a gentle burbling as the juice from the crushed grapes began running down a trough into a cement receiving vat.

"Taste it," Monsieur Marquenet invited us, offering us glasses. With him, we dipped into the cloudy *moût*, as this first juice is called, and drank. It was sweet and mellow.

We were ready to return to the house but Monsieur Marquenet, with a twinkle in his eye, asked us to wait. He disappeared into one of the grottoes at the rear of the cave and emerged with a dusty bottle in his hand. Placing the rinsed glasses on the top of a wine cask, he filled one for each.

"An *apéritif* before *déjeuner*," he declared and, lifting his glass, added, "*À votre santé.*" Gravely we responded, "*À votre santé.*"

It was the prized Vouvray '47, golden, clear, and fragrant, a delight to eyes and tongue and nostrils. The blissful look on Rose's face, I was sure, matched my own.

"A drink for the gods," she said to our host.

"A drink for men," he corrected her, smiling. He held the glass up against the light of the open door of the cave. "Here in Touraine," he said, "wine like this is called the sun in the bottle."

Warmed by the wine, by his courtesy, by a feeling of shared friendliness and comradeship, we went to the house for *déjeuner*. Like the others, we washed our hands at the outdoor pump and dried them on a towel that hung at the kitchen door. The girls slipped their feet out of their sabots and put on their *espadrilles*, the men wiped their shoes with a cloth and so did we. At the table sat a young man and woman, the two other *vendangeurs* who had arrived during the morning. We were introduced to them, Monsieur and Madame Leroux — George and Marie, as they later became for us.

On the hearth, in the marmite hanging from the crane, a soup was simmering; on the wood stove, a savory lamb stew was bubbling in an iron pot. We sniffed it with deep appreciation as we passed to our places.

After we had eaten heartily, Monsieur Marquenet rose from the table, a squat, gnomelike little figure, and settled his cap, which he had worn throughout the meal, more firmly on his head. "*Eh bien*," he said, "to work." He turned to us. "You will remain here for the afternoon, *Mesdemoiselles?*"

"*Mais non*," we declared. "We are going."

"*Bon.*"

George, the newcomer, came with us; his wife stayed behind to help in the kitchen. As we snipped the grapes, we listened with pleasure to the chatter, drinking in the atmosphere, smelling the vines, the earth, the clear air. It took a little more effort now to keep up with René's clockwork, for the unaccustomed labor began telling on us. The others, habituated to the work, usually had their pails full when he arrived with his basket, slung like a papoose across his broad back, but we kept our noses to the grapevines up to the last moment. The respite of standing up and dumping the pail held comfort and relief. My back ached; I was sure that Rose, moving along her haunches like a slow-motion Russian dancer, was equally weary. But to cry quits before the work was done would have shamed us.

4

The sun was setting when we again returned to the cave. This time, we accepted the invitation to ride in the *charrette*, crowding in with some of the others between the barrels. Other *charrettes*, equally laden with grapes and *vendangeurs*, passed us on the road and friendly greetings were exchanged. Étienne and Claude, now more at ease with us, indulged in a bit of horseplay with the girls, crushing a cluster of grapes in their faces or pushing their noses into the barrels of mash.

The casks were emptied into the press, and Monsieur Marquenet, René, and Henri, standing on the cement platform, assembled the crushing equipment. First went a number of planks, cut to make a circular cover over the grapes. On top of this, wooden weights, oak blocks a foot and a half thick, were placed. The wooden wheel was then lowered, and the men, standing in front and at the sides of the platform and grasping the

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spokes, began turning it. Synchronizing their strength and motions, they pushed and jolted the heavy wheel, screwing it tighter and tighter against the lid of the press. In a steady, gushing stream, the *moût* poured into the vat. When, with all their straining efforts, the men could no longer budge the wheel, they stopped.

The first pressing was over. There would be another that evening after supper. The wheel, weights, and lid would be lifted, the crushed mash would be dug up and loosened, and after the second pressing the juice would be pumped into the casks. Monsieur Marquenet explained the processes of wine-making to us while he busied himself with his tasks. Something that looked like a thermometer he lowered into a glassful of juice and, together with René, read its markings. It was an instrument for measuring sugar content. The higher the sugar, the greater the alcoholic strength of the wine. He seemed satisfied with the reading. "Not as good as '47," he commented. "But it will make good average wine."

Rose and I left the cave before the others because we were eager to rest a little before supper. Before we went, Monsieur Marquenet set up the glasses for an evening *apéritif* of his Vouvray.

It was eight before Patou's barking announced the return of the men. We heard them washing up at the pump and then they came in and we sat down to supper. It consisted of a soup thickened with tapioca, a delicious veal stew flavored with thyme, bay leaf, garlic, and parsley, after which came potatoes, salad, cheese. And of course there was plenty of red and white wine and quantities of bread.

We were happily full of good food, good wine, and good cheer. In spite of the work still to be done at the cave, there was no hurry in eating and drinking. A meal was a ritual to be performed with respect and leisure. Only Claude did not share in the talk. He had fallen asleep, his head resting on his outstretched arm on the table.

We were tired too, but we had vowed that we would stay up to watch the second process of wine-making. It was late when we started to the cave, flashing our way along the black winding road. The smell of wine hung in the night air; dim lights gleamed from the mouths of other wine caves that we passed; there was the sound of barrels being moved, the hum of voices of men engaged in labor.

Quickly the men set to work. While Monsieur Marquenet, René, and Henri took the press apart, lifting wheel and weights, George and Étienne began pumping into casks the juice that had accumulated in the vat. The mechanical aids were few and primitive. A hand crank lifted the large wheel; a hand pump filled the barrels.

The weights were lifted from the press, and René and Henri, armed with pitchforks, stepped into the press and began loosening the tightly packed pulp. Startled as we were, we made no comment as we watched René and Henri standing in the pulp in their heavy, muddy sabots. Nor did we say anything when, the pulp loosened, Henri swept up the floor in front of the press where some of the crushed grapes had fallen and threw the contents back into the press. Again the weights were lowered, again the wheel was laboriously turned, and again the juice poured into the vat.

"What happens to the residue after the second pressing?" we asked Monsieur Marquenet. "Do you throw it away?"

"*Mais non*," he said. "It is out of that we make our cognac. You will see."

When the weights were lifted, René and Henri again stepped into the press, this time with shovels as well as pitchforks. The pulp, almost dry to the touch, made up of grape skins, seeds, and stems, was loosened with the pitchforks and then shoveled into a wheelbarrow. From there it was packed into cement vats lining one wall of the cave. Again, what had fallen on the dirt floor was swept up and thrown in with the rest. To pack the pulp down tightly, the men pounded it with a heavy root of a tree, trimmed and rounded to make a giant mallet.

The full vats were sealed with a thick layer of mixed cement. This rich residue would ferment throughout the winter and in the spring would be distilled into the colorless cognac.

With a quiet word, a quiet gesture, Monsieur Marquenet directed the labors and participated in them, heaving the wooden wheel, testing the *moût*, pumping the juice into casks, tapping the barrels with practiced fingers to see how full they were. Making white wine, he told us, was a more difficult process than making red. With the latter, once the juice is pumped into the barrels, the work is practically finished. In the spring, the wine is ready for bottling. White wine, on the other hand, must be cleansed periodically. Every month for five months, the wine in each cask is siphoned off into a clean, freshly hosed-out cask. By the time it reaches the fifth change, it is free of sediment and discoloration and holds the golden clarity of sunlight.

By Saturday night, when a week's work was finished, there would be five thousand liters of new Vouvray in the barrels. Sunday would be a day of rest, then two more days of labor and the *vendange* would be over.

The last day of the *vendange* was gay. Mounted on the *charrette*, we returned from the vineyards singing. At the cave, Josette and Laure solemnly presented Monsieur Marquenet with a bouquet of flowers they had picked for the occasion, a gift of appreciation for the *patron* that is part of the ritual of closing a *vendange*. Gravely, he thanked them and then opened several bottles of fine Vouvray.

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In the kitchen, the *berlot* was waiting us, the traditional feast that marks the end of a *vendange*. Never shall we forget the food and the spirit of the *berlot*. It was a Thanksgiving and Christmas feast rolled into one, with a variety of fine wines that gave it its French essence and character. Hors d'œuvres served with red wine, a thick cream soup, fricassee of chicken, a leg of lamb, roast chicken, potatoes, creamed cauliflower, green beans that had been fished out of preserving bottles, and Vouvray '33, '37, '42, '47. A dessert of applesauce and *petits fours* was followed by coffee and cognac.

Our contribution, very modest but highly appreciated, was a treasured package of American cigarettes which we had saved for a special occasion. Through a haze of American tobacco smoke, Monsieur Marquenet rose and offered a toast to the *États-Unis*. And in return, we offered one to *la belle France*.

We remained at the table, drinking, talking, toasting each other until late in the afternoon. Finally, the dishes and glasses were cleared away and a hush of expectancy which we did not understand filled the room. Solemnly, Monsieur Marquenet pulled out his wallet. The time for paying wages had arrived. Eight days at 195 francs a day for the grape pickers, more for the men who worked in the cave. Together with the others, we received our money, 1560 francs.

That evening there were only five of us at the table, the Marquenets, Étienne, and we. It was over, the wonderful time of working, wine-tasting, making friends. Our hearts were heavy at the thought of our departure; never, throughout our stay in France, had we been so happy. We looked at the two elderly people and had no words for our gratitude and affection and respect. Instinctive and native to them were their courtesy, their dignity, their generosity of spirit. In a hundred subtle ways they had made us feel at home with them, helped us bridge the gap between different lands, different backgrounds, different manners.

They had parting gifts for us when we left the next morning — a package of goat's cheese and butter from Madame Marquenet, two bottles of Vouvray '47 from Monsieur Marquenet. With our eyes misting, we kissed each of them on both cheeks in farewell. Then Étienne trundled our luggage in the wheelbarrow to the bus stop, and we were off.

MY SON: LEAVETAKING

by MARION LINEAWEAVER

Yesterday was the last,
Iron-gray and overcast.
Then the night, pouring rain,
Broken with stress and strain,
As my defeated heart
In the destroying wind.

Now we shall be apart.
I never knew before
How close a woman can be brought to war,
By looking on a face she dare not touch,
Foregoing the embrace she needs so much.

This is the drowning hour
When all the lovely past
Must be remembered. . . .
Let us have no good-byes.
Rather, bow down your head,
Look in my eyes;
Take what you see there with you,
Yet no word said.

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An Atlantic "First"

A STORY

A native of Memphis, Tennessee, JOAN WILLIAMS *had her first short story published in* Mademoiselle *as a winner in its College Fiction Contest in 1949. She graduated from Bard College the following year and since that time has worked in a New Orleans bookstore and at Bard College as Assistant Director of Admissions. Miss Williams is now living in New York, where she is on the staff of* Look *Magazine.*

THE MORNING AND THE EVENING

by JOAN WILLIAMS

THE owner-manager (who was also ticket-seller and -taker and would have been projectionist too if labor regulations hadn't forced him to hire a licensed one) didn't take his first customer for a loony, and tried to charge him full admission.

The man next in line said quietly, "He don't usually pay but half fare."

The owner looked at the customer warily then; he didn't look like a loony — was tall, thin, stoop-shouldered, with a weather-beaten face that seemed to know all about struggle and with eyes that looked as if he were thinking, even as if he were looking for something; they weren't empty, like the eyes of most loonies. The eyes were what fooled him.

He was hesitant: they might be trying to pull some kind of deal. You couldn't ever tell. He'd been taking his movie around in the back country for three years and didn't understand these people yet. Why'd they live in country like this, bother with the little they eked out of it?

Then the loony tried to say something, opened his mouth, and nothing came out except saliva. It drooled on his pink hanging lip a minute, then ran down his chin and dropped onto his shirt when he moaned.

The owner followed the loony's eyes, and finally he took the thin sweaty dime out of the uncurled hand.

The loony hoisted up his overalls strap and went toward the tent. The owner looked after him, still wary; he'd had trouble with too many loonies after they got into the show. "How long's he been that way?" he said.

The man next in line looked at his wife. "Reckon 'bout forty years?" he said.

"Reckon so," she said; "long's however old he is."

The man turned back. "Reckon 'bout forty years," he said.

The owner tore off two tickets, took the man's thirty cents. "Think he's liable to cause any trouble?" he said cautiously.

The man turned to his wife. "Don't reckon so, do you?" he said.

"No," she said, still standing where she was, "might just moan a little."

"Naw, might jist moan a little," said the man, going on toward the tent, his wife going along behind.

When he had filled all the campstools in the tent, lined the kids up around the sides, the owner told the rest to come back tomorrow night, and went inside. Christ, it was stuffy and smelled. He walked along the little aisle left in the sawdust, feeling their eyes in the dark watching him expectantly. When he got to the small white screen set up in front, he turned. "Joe, a light," he said.

The projection man at the back of the tent threw the spotlight on him and a chorus of "ohs" rose from the crowd. The light came from behind a piece of cardboard with holes covered over by red and green and blue cellophane, so that it played across the owner's face like a rainbow. "Ain't that the berries," he said, smiling out.

He could see only those sitting along the aisle where the light came; he noted where the loony was sitting, second aisle seat on the right. "Now, don't worry," the owner said, "I'm not going to

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make a speech." He paused, and everybody laughed. "I just want to tell you how glad I am to be back here," he went on, still smiling. "All the places I go I tell that the finest folks I ever met are in Redmud, Mississippi, and from one summer till the next I look toward getting back here. So I just had to say these few words. Thank you all for coming and I hope you like the show. Let'er go, Joe," he said, and went to sit down.

But the light didn't go off, it just kept on playing where his face had been, only now against the white silent screen. Everybody waited. "Joe," the owner said, wiping his forehead.

Finally somebody in the rear said, "He's outside smokin'."

"Well, couldn't you tell him to come in?"

"Reckon so," the voice said. The tent flap was lifted and everybody looked at the thin blue line of twilight showing, commented on how no air came in. "The man says for you to come on in and git the picture started."

A red glow showed against the blue, then Joe flipped away his cigarette and closed the flap. He cut off the spotlight, started the little black box whirring, and threw the movie beam where the spotlight beam had been. Only he threw it too high. Black and white words slid across the tent top upside down, while thin jumpy music began to play. Everybody sat quietly; no one would laugh, except the owner himself. He jumped up from his seat toward the side, where he could keep an eye on things, laughing nervously. "Just a minute, folks, everything'll get straightened out," he said, waving them back down as if someone had thought of leaving. It was quiet while the projection man clicked off the whirring, then started it again. The light-beam came like sundust down the aisle, and the title and the thin music came from the screen this time. There was a rustle while everybody got settled — no one would move much after the picture started — and a steady drone of voices, reading off what the titles said to those who didn't know.

The owner went back and sat down. He leaned back into the dark and had himself a good quiet laugh. "Oh my God," he said to himself when he had finished and had taken out his handkerchief and was wiping his forehead. He'd seen the loony leaning way down off his campstool almost on his head, watching the movie on the tent top.

2

JAKE straightened up when the writing disappeared. He didn't know where it or the music had gone. No one else moved, so he sat quietly and folded his hands. He remembered the man who didn't want to take his dime, and saw him looking at him and laughing. So he grinned back. But the man's face went back into the dark. Then he heard the sound again, a whirring as the snake made when he tried to pick it up, and he looked for it on the tent top.

"There," the thin little girl next to him whispered, and she put her hand on his face and pulled it down, pointed it frontward.

The unexpected touch of the hand coming out of the dark sent him bolt upright. He stared straight ahead at the words, without seeing them. Then he sat back, let himself feel again how the hand had felt: soft.

Softness he understood.

The dark, the movie, the people around were lost to him now, while he was remembering softness. One thing at a time he could know.

Some things he had learned, repeated things. And some things he knew instinctively, animal-like: tones, touches; whether they were kind, or not. The child's hand had touched him as his mother's did whenever he put his head in her lap and she held his face close. It touched him as his mother did when she gave him the dime.

He always wanted to hold hands when they touched him this way. But his mother had pulled back. "Now don't," she had said, "now don't." When he tried to put his arm around her then, she had run, saying brokenly, "Oh, Gawd, don't let him want to do that. Maybe you oughtn't to go. Naw, naw, you kin go, don't cry." She had followed him as far as the gate. "But don't touch nobody, Jake. Don't *touch* nobody," she said all the time he was going down the road, as she had said so many times before.

Remembering, because it hadn't been very long, Jake didn't try to find the hand in the dark now.

The movie music had begun at first softly, but now it came loud and thin, came to him slowly; then he began to listen and there was nothing else. It came to him beautiful and sourceless and bird-like, filled the tent, and he heard it not with his ears, but way inside him. In the pit of his stomach he heard it and tasted with it his supper, the sour warm taste of corn bread and buttermilk.

Then as always when something moved him, the music began to creep up inside him, and he tightened his legs together. "Jake," his mother had said before he left, "if you got to go, go outside behind a tree. Please Gawd, let him."

He held himself rigid on the narrow campstool, and continued to listen.

The music was in his chest now, hurting. It would move on up to his mouth, then it would be soundless he knew. He knew he had to catch it before it was soundless. He waited in the dark for the right moment, while the music sang to him as the birds do before they fly away.

"Caw, caw," the little boys would cry when Jake reached up after the birds, "I'm a bird, Jake. Catch *me*."

The music rose, and it seemed to Jake soaring,

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going away. This was the moment and he began to run after it, and it seemed so close he thought this time he had caught it. Then something held him and he turned, looked into the face he had seen before with colors on it, and the owner dragged him, pushed him into his seat roughly. "Stay down, Jake," everyone called.

He felt the water running down his leg, but he sat still. The music had ceased and he had forgotten it. He simply found himself without surprise sitting in the dark, as often he seemed to wake from a long sleep and find himself places, and he felt if he sat quietly long enough, it would come to him why he was there. But the small voice next to him soon whispered in his ear, "Look at the pictures."

3

THEN Jake became aware of the picture before him, and he looked at it, began to fit things together, piecemeal: two men were on the white sheet; they were on horses; they held guns and pointed them in the air toward hills; one took off a big wide hat, put it on again; they tied something over their faces. The men began to talk and Jake watched their mouths, opening and closing. He listened carefully, bent forward on his stool to hear them better.

He heard what they said, heard each one. One said something and he heard him distinctly; then the other said something and he heard him, but then he couldn't remember what the first had said. He started over again. He leaned forward more, watched and listened carefully to each man; would begin to think what one had said when the other would speak — and he turned his head quickly and began to think what *he* was saying. There wasn't enough time, and he began to feel the tightness coming on again.

People, sometimes even his mother, always spoke to him too fast. They said a word and he began to think about it, but when they continued to say words, it all became a jumble. He tried again and again to go back to the first word, but too many others had come between, and even his first faint glimmer would be gone. If there was time, he felt he could know what was said; he was sure. Often he felt that if only he had time, he could even answer.

For he felt words inside him the way he felt music. The words came to him, starting in his stomach, and he listened to them carefully while they moved on up to his chest, began to hurt him; then in a rush the words would be in his mouth and he would open it. He would hear the sounds he made and would be sure he had said the words clearly, and he would smile proudly; but he knew he hadn't when they looked away and said, "Wipe off your mouth, Jake."

On the screen the two men went riding away suddenly toward the hills; the music came again very loud. Jake jerked up to listen, but it was not the bird music. This music went pound pound pound, faster and faster. It went galloping loud. It rose out of the dark and sounded terribly in his head. It went thumpty thumpty thump, louder and faster, came closer and closer and he felt it was coming after him; there was no time to run from the tent. He screwed his eyes shut and pulled his head into his shoulders, held his hands over his ears hard. He ran within himself now, as he did when the little boys chased him beating tin pails with rocks.

"I'm a bird, Jake. Listen to the birdies," the little boys would yell running after him, beating horribly. And he would run crazily for miles holding his ears, and long after he outran them he still heard the poundings, and not until he came to a place that was quiet, and had sat for a long time, could he take down his hands; then he would cry, rubbing his ears. Now he began to cry. "Shut up that noise, Jake," several of the men called out behind him in the dark.

One of the ladies leaned toward the owner. "He always tries to sing when he hears music," she explained. The movie man nodded condescendingly.

Jake stopped crying when the men yelled at him. He understood the tone in their voices. The music quieted, faded, but he sat bent over on his campstool with his head down, his hands still holding his ears.

The men spoke to him in the same tone whenever he saw them in town, leaning back in straight-legged chairs against the store fronts, hounds sleeping in circles at their feet. He had long wanted a dog; he would stop to ask the men where he could get one. As he leaned over to pat the soft warm bellies of their hounds, he would begin to tell them how he wanted a dog too. Banging their chair legs to the porch, they would jump up and yell, "Git on away, Jake. Git him away from *my* bitch. Git on, stop that there moanin'."

Then he would take himself away, telling them he would come back tomorrow to find out where he could get him a dog.

"Wake up, Jake." Behind him, a man caught hold of his overalls, jerked him up. His eyes opened, astonished. He saw the tent over his head, felt the people around him in the dark, was aware of a mosquito; he remembered something had jerked him, a voice had said something. He listened to the breathing around him.

Between the light coming down the aisle he saw faces, all looking straight ahead. He looked ahead too. He saw the picture, remembered he had seen it before, and realized mutely that this was why he was there, to look at the picture. He looked at it intently.

But he felt tired, as if he had been running for a long time; he couldn't think what the picture was

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— it was only black and white shadows. His mouth fell open and he stared straight ahead of himself.

The thin childish voice next to him began to whisper in his ear quietly, slowly, "They're riding over the hill to rustle the cows. They're the badmen."

Jake nodded his head slowly with each word, shook it at the last.

His mother had primed him. She sat him down for a long time before he came and told him what he would see; having been to the movie three summers ago, she knew. "You'll like the cows, the horses, the hills," she said, and made him nod his head. "But not the badmen." Then she made him shake it. His mother never let him talk, though he wanted to. "You don't have to talk, son," she would say, "you don't have to. Be quiet now."

It was hotter than ever in the tent now, as if twenty-five people sitting still for an hour had breathed up all the air. Next to the child a woman began to fan herself, and when she leaned around and fanned the child too, Jake felt a small breeze; he let himself feel it and smell the smell that came with it, sweet, the way his mother smelled when she put powder on her face.

The woman looked away and he followed her gaze. He saw a man riding a horse, coming slowly down a road. Everyone in the crowd began to clap; the little boys in the back whistled. Jake smiled, then he laughed, cupped his big paw-like hands together and pulled them apart, made a slapping sound like everyone else. He watched his hands going together, coming apart, making a noise; then the little girl voice whispered, "Quit now," and he quit.

He looked where the little girl looked, watched the man on the horse again. The man opened his mouth and began to sing. Jake rocked back and forth on his campstool as the man rocked back and forth on his horse, and he heard the singing inside him, smiling to himself. He had known for a long time that he could sing. Whenever he was alone he would sing, but he kept it a secret.

4

The man sang loudly and Jake grinned now, knowing the sounds in him are the same as the man made. When the child next to him, lost in the movie, leaned against his shoulder, he turned and looked at her face, small, perspiring, open-mouthed; he saw her breath going in time to the music and he remembered her voice touching his ear, her hand touching his face a long time ago, and it came to him suddenly to tell her he could sing. Softly, with closed eyes, he began to sing, wanting just this one small face to know his secret. Abruptly the face hissed close to his, snake-like, "Shhh, you shut up that moanin'," and he felt a breeze beat into his face very hard. He opened his eyes and looked into an angry face with a tongue shooting out like the snake's did, with eyes that were two hard slits. The woman had jerked the little girl away, was there in her place.

Jake turned away frightened, hunched up on his stool, keeping himself away, his song forgotten. Was he supposed to run? He didn't know. He sat on in the dark trembling until his back began to ache so he had to move. Cautiously he slid his feet from under the stool, gradually straightened his cramped legs; the face didn't turn on him. Stealthily then he eased out his back, sat up. Over the head in front of him, he saw the movie again.

A man got off a horse, went up to a girl, stroked her long hair, talking softly. Jake's eyes followed the stroking up and down, and slowly his fingers began to curl, uncurl, against the rough knee of his overalls.

"Shh, shh," the snake face said. Jake jumped, but the face wasn't looking at him; it was turned toward the back where the little boys hooted like owls.

He watched the stroking again — soft, soft, he knew remembering Sarah Jane. He began to ache remembering Sarah Jane.

"Sarah Jane, Sarah Jane," he would moan softly over and over, stroking her. And she never moved, she never pulled away from him. She just listened to him. When he had finished all he had to say, she would look at him with unwavering eyes. Spent with telling at last, he would sit down then and, leaning his head into her stomach, begin to milk her. When the sweet warm milk came he would begin to cry sometimes, because of the stillness and the listening that was Sarah Jane; he would tell her then how she was the only one who would listen. But soon his mother would come running down to the cowshed screaming, "Git away from her now, Jake. Git away." And she would take him away. All the time going to the house he tried to tell her about Sarah Jane, but she would say, "Hush now, hush." Then he would cry, looking back at Sarah Jane watching him with her calm brown eyes.

When the man stopped stroking, Jake's fingers hesitated, half-curled. He sat waiting, but the screen flickered, the scene changed and the man was gone. There were horses instead, pounding frightfully going over a hill, and the sound of gunshots. Not only the next face but all the faces hissed and twenty-five pairs of feet thudded dully against the sawdust. Jake laughed, picked up one of his feet, then the other, set each down in the sawdust stomping too.

Suddenly through a cloud of dust on the screen, he saw a cow face come toward him with wild frightened eyes, mooing loudly and mournfully. He stood up. "Sarah Jane, Sarah Jane," he cried

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out, a gaunt figure waving mute and frantic arms before the onrushing herd of cattle.

"Sarah Jane, Sarah Jane," he called again and again, beginning to run. The owner grabbed him by his crossed straps and one sleeve, dragged him down the light-beam through the aisle of snickering faces, and out into the night. "Goddamn you, loon," he muttered.

Jake pulled back toward the tent but the man shook him hard, then Jake forgot about the tent. He stood bewildered with the man's face breathing close to his. "You're not getting back in there," the owner gritted out between his teeth.

With no thought left of what was inside the tent, Jake stood limply while the owner held him. Finally the owner released him and lit a cigarette, stood facing him waiting to overcome his anger. "Just God damn you," he said as he drew on the cigarette, which glowed faintly red against his face in the dark.

And this faint red glow stirred up, as much as possible, a memory in Jake. When he had seen the owner with the spotlight playing across his face, he had associated it with the one thing of color indelibly etched on his mind — the sunset — because he watched it daily, and now he knew that he had seen this face before with color on it. He began to tell the man. "Take your hands off me. Get on away," the owner said, giving him a good shove before he threw away his cigarette and went on back into the tent.

Jake turned after him, knew from the tone of the voice not to follow, and stood holding on to the outside fold of the tent flap, beginning to tell the man about the sun going down red against a darkening sky. In a little while someone stuck his head out, "Shut up that noise and go home," he said, and while the tent flap was open Jake glimpsed a man and a girl, heard music, saw a horse with its mane waving in the wind; then he was staring at nothing, with his nose up against the closed flap of the tent.

He turned, ran his hand over his nose where the rough tent had scratched it, and went on slowly, down the faint road. The moon came out smiling from behind a cloud, opened up a white path; he followed it, listening to the staccato sounds from katydids hiding in the tall grass alongside the road, listening to the shrill loud screaming of locust from somewhere overhead, listening to the stumbling craunch of his own feet on the gravel, all sounds.

Alone, he began to call up words from way inside him. A bird fluttered in one of the poplar trees and he looked for it between the white leaves. It sang sleepily way up, and he went on. He went instinctively, not having to think where he was going. Because it was quiet, the words came easily, but formed slowly one by one, and he waited for them to come as he walked.

When he had been in the quiet for about a mile, he began to remember: music. He stored up words to go with the music. After a while he remembered the horse, and he stored up words to go with the horse; he remembered the wind.

He turned out of the moonlight and went through the dark again, his feet following surely the thin side-road.

When he saw the little house, with one lighted window, he went up to it and looked inside. A woman knelt by a cot and he watched her. As she stood up and got into bed, he saw without surprise that it was his mother and knew he was home. His mother sat in the bed by the lamp and he knew she was waiting for him. He waited, watching her. The night sounds continued around him; they had become a part of his hearing now and he didn't have to listen to them consciously. With the sounds around him, with the words inside him, he felt again the uncontrollable thing that guided him, and he wanted to make sounds too. He moved his hand out in a sweeping gesture, stood outside the window nodding his head up and down, shook it once.

But the words still stirred him, wanting to be said. Suddenly he found himself going away from the window, and he went, went as if he were following himself.

He went quietly through the tall dew-wet grass, felt it itch his leg, but he forgot it before he could remember to stop and scratch it. He went on with the words carefully inside him. The music began, churned inside him with the words, words about the horse with its mane waving in the wind, and he held everything inside him together as much as he could, till the moment to tell them.

He found himself at the gate, lifted it and set it back in its rut. Then he went silently smelling the ragweed, heard frog music, and he heard it and set it apart slowly from his own music. Instinctively he went on through the dark and circled wide around the place where he had seen the snake.

As he went down into the summer-dried ditch, came up again, the words jarred loose from his chest and he started running, telling them.

As he heard the faint bell tinkle, he was running faster telling about the wind, waving his arms.

He smelled the pasture for the first time as he came up to her and he lay down immediately with his head on her soft flank. When he felt her stillness and her warm breath smelling of grass, he began to tell her about the music and he knew, as much as he could, that through the long summer he would come here again and again.

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Books and Men

From his background of Christian scholarship and monastic practice, the Very Reverend Dom Aelred Graham, O.S.B., *has written the only full-length appraisal of Thomas Merton that has so far been printed. Dom Graham, who was born in England in 1907, became a Benedictine at Ampleforth Abbey in 1930, spent four years at Oxford, and in his books, of which* Catholicism and the World Today *is the most recent, as in his work for the London* Times, *has revealed his deep interest in the relations between the Roman Catholic Church and democracy. He is now Prior of Portsmouth Priory in Rhode Island.*

THOMAS MERTON

A Modern Man in Reverse

by AELRED GRAHAM

1

It is high time that somebody took a long steady look at Thomas Merton. From out of the silent Abbey of Our Lady of Gethsemani, a Trappist-Cistercian monastery in Kentucky, this remarkable young man (still well under forty) is creating no small stir among those who concern themselves with the things of the spirit. His autobiography, *The Seven Storey Mountain*, enjoyed enormous popularity. "It is a book like this that men will turn to a hundred years from now," wrote Clare Boothe Luce, "to find out what went on in the hearts of men in this cruel century." But other Catholics, in private at any rate, have placed a question mark against the name of Merton. A saint? — or an ecclesiastical Whittaker Chambers? An exponent of Christian holiness? — or a preacher of pseudo-perfectionism?

The standpoint of the present essay is not that of a detached, impartial critic; it is Merton's own: the presuppositions of the Catholic faith and the Benedictine tradition. Baptized rather more than seven years before his birth and over thirty before his reception into the Catholic Church, I preceded him by a decade in taking the monastic vows to which both of us are pledged. True there is a difference here. St. Bernard of Clairvaux, to be echoed later by the Abbé de Rancé, has indoctrinated his Cistercian followers with a low estimate of the kind of Benedictine community to which I belong — the "Black Monks," as they are known to historians. They, so the story runs, have fallen away from the primitive simplicity of St. Benedict's Rule: the Cistercians are the only authentic Benedictines. Thomas Merton clearly shares this view.

The early Cistercians were "shamed" at "the realization that, in the course of centuries, monks had devised specious excuses for softening the Rule and making its burden easier and easier on the flesh." Today their case is even more deplorable. There must be many hundreds of Benedictines in this corrupt generation who, like myself, occasionally taste a little wine or indulge in the pleasures of a swim. Thereby, it would seem, they are expunged from the register of their profession. "Monks neither drink wine (in America) nor do they swim," wrote the subject of our essay in 1949. If I am debarred from saluting him on terms of vocational equality, he may be placated at the thought that I write under the chosen tutelage of one of the greatest of his Cistercian forebears, Aelred of Rievaulx.

Thomas Merton was born in France on January 31, 1915, though his parents were not French. As a child he was much influenced by his father's ideas about "truth and morality." He had heard his parent advising "a shrew of a Frenchwoman, one of those spiteful sharp-tongued *bourgeoises* . . . that if she had any sense, she would love other people if only for the sake of the good and health and peace of her own soul, instead of tearing herself to pieces with her own envy and spitefulness." The theme of love, not as evoked by people's intrinsic lovableness, but as an alternative to the miseries inflicted on self by envy and spitefulness, for the peace of one's own soul, will occur again in the life of Thomas Merton.

He spent some years in an English public school, learned to pray a little, but later was to look back on this as "my religious phase" — "like practically everyone else in our stupid and godless society." At school he resisted the "deadly infection" of the Classics with all his will. "I do not exactly know why I hated Plato: but after the first ten pages of *The Republic* I decided that I could not stand Socrates and his friends, and I don't think

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I ever recovered from that repugnance." He was "building up a hard core of resistance" against everything that displeased him.

Fortunately not every prospect displeased. At sixteen came the inevitable: he fell in love with a girl twice his age. Charmed by a temptress with "big wide-open California eyes," he experienced, not the tender amours of normal youth, but "that devouring, emotional, passionate love of adolescence that sinks its claws into you and consumes you day and night and eats into the vitals of your soul." He recovered and went to one of England's ancient seats of learning. Or rather, as he now recalls the event, "I swept into the dark, sinister atmosphere of Cambridge and began my university career."

Again he was unhappy; though he makes allowance for those who could not share his melancholy. "I am even willing to admit that some people might live there for three years, or even a lifetime, so protected that they never sense the sweet stench of corruption that is all around them." It seemed to him that Cambridge and, to some extent, the whole of England were pretending. Most of the people around him were "already morally dead."

When finally he came to America he was at first fascinated by New York. In retrospect, from his monastery cloister, he now sees that "it is the glad embrace she gives her lovers, the big, wild city: but I guess ultimately it is for their ruin." Working at Columbia, however, he was less ill-at-ease than at Cambridge. Here he met the friends and read the books whose influence was to lead him away from the sins of his youth into the Catholic Church. Despite his distaste for Plato, he read Plotinus and liked him. About the distinctive world-views in these two thinkers Merton neither knows nor cares. "The truth is that there is a considerable difference between Plato and Plotinus, but I am not enough of a philosopher to know what it is. Thank God I shall never again have to try and find out, either."

Amid many diverse occupations he made contact with the Scholasticism of Maritain and Gilson, studied Aldous Huxley's *Ends and Means*, and became interested in Oriental mysticism. A deep impression was made on him by a Hindu monk named Bramachari. From him Merton learned that "Christians don't know what asceticism means." But he was not discouraged. "Bramachari was simply saying something that has long since been familiar to readers of the Gospels." Thomas Merton was reintroduced to the Christian tradition, as he is careful to emphasize, "by a Hindu monk!"

The preliminary pilgrimage was all but over. On November 16, 1938, Merton gratefully accepted membership in the Catholic Church. The call to the life of a cloistered religious was not long delayed. But it was to be no ordinary career of service dedicated to God that Thomas Merton would undertake. One of his friends suggested to him that he might become — "a saint." Here, at last, was an idea! From striving after this goal only false humility and cowardice could hold him back. To his hesitancy and protestations his friend pointed out that nothing could be simpler. "All that is necessary to be a saint is to want to be one." This piece of theology Merton claims to have discovered in St. Thomas Aquinas — "it is something that is obvious to everybody who ever understood the Gospels."

Meanwhile he bought the works of St. John of the Cross. He was "amazed and dazzled" at the import of what he read. "But it turned out that it would take more than that to make me a saint." Towards the end of 1941, in pursuit of his ideal, Thomas Merton took the habit of a Trappist-Cistercian monk at the Abbey of Gethsemani. Here, we are told, is "the real capital of the country in which we are living. This is the center of all the vitality that is in America. This is the cause and reason why the nation is holding together. These men, hidden in the anonymity of their choir and their white cowls, are doing for their land what no army, no congress, no president could ever do as such: they are winning for it the grace and the protection and the friendship of God." For the privilege of joining in this enterprise the world was indeed well lost. Of Thomas Merton would not the words be verified that he himself had applied to another? — "The waters had closed over his head, and he was submerged in the community. He was lost. The world would hear of him no more."

Thomas Merton belongs to the class of writers — intense, one-sided, humorless, propagandist, morally indignant — whose work falls outside the normal canons of criticism. Those who cannot accept it totally must be allowed to smile a little. What Merton has to say touches too nearly the heart of Christianity for it to provoke either hostility or ridicule; but it has proved impossible to display in isolation the more significant items in his personal history and at the same time keep out a note of irony. Merton emerged from his youthful troubles, nourished by an apocalyptic imagination, to become a God-intoxicated man. Having conceived for himself a sublime ideal, he has heroically given it effect. Whatever may be thought of the content of his message or of its relevance to our times, there can be no withholding tribute to the earnestness of his convictions.

2

During the past six years Merton has published from his Trappist monastery no fewer than eight books. Four of these are prose works of considerable length; the others are collections of verse. A practiced writer, he achieves in prose the merits of

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force and clarity; but it is too highly charged, too diffuse and uneven, to attain distinction. Many of his verses have the authentic ring of poetry. Ring is the word for it; his chosen vocation of silence has instilled no contemplative quietness into his poems. He hears "the daily thundercrack of Massbells," a wagon's wheels "worrying the loose wood with their momentary thunder."

But Merton is happier at poetry than with the disciplined exposition of divinity, "the dry verbiage of theologians." The freer medium provides scope for his rich, creative imagination; perhaps also for that "sense of energy and resolve," still retained, "that made me think everything was more interesting than it was." Thus to his book, revealingly named *Figures for an Apocalypse:* —

> Go, stubborn talker,
> Find your station on the loud world's corners,
> And try there, (if your hands be clean) your
> length of patience:
> Use there the rhythms that upset my silences,
> And spend your pennyworth of prayer
> There in the clamor of the Christless avenues:
> And try to ransom some one prisoner
> Out of those walls of traffic, out of the wheels
> of that unhappiness!

Here, in its essentials, is Thomas Merton's message. He would call men away from the "Christless avenues," the "walls of traffic," to share with him the blessings of contemplative prayer. Let it be said at once that he is concerned, not with any kind of philosophical speculation or aesthetic impressionism, but with what the Catholic Church holds to be the highest form of union with God to which man can attain on earth. This is the experience of God himself granted to the Christian saints and mystics. What distinguishes Merton from earlier expositors of this ideal is that he believes it to be an urgent necessity for all; he is in fact a propagandist of mysticism for the masses.

Admittedly few have so far achieved this state; it is clearly impracticable, even undesirable, for all to become Trappists; but "there is more incentive than ever for men to become saints." And a saint for Thomas Merton has only one meaning — a man who, even though he has to engage in social action in the world, is prepared to live in the spirit of Merton's own austerity and renunciation, so to await his final "transformation" into God.

"One of the most striking features of this ascetic ideal is that it is open to everybody. It is a way of perfection from which no one is excluded. No special vocation, no abnormal spiritual equipment, is required. The purity of the Gospel is open to all Christians, and the Cistercian life is the purity of the Gospel." For Merton it is as simple as that. Nor is his discourse to the unfortunates who are constrained to live in the world substantially different. "Keep your eyes clean and your ears quiet and your mind serene. Breathe God's air. Work, if you can, under His sky. But if you have to live in a city and ride in the subways and eat in a place where the radio makes you deaf with spurious news and where the food destroys your life and the sentiments of those around you poison your heart with boredom, do not be upset, but accept it as the love of God and a seed of solitude planted in your soul, and be glad of this suffering: for it will keep you alive to the next opportunity to escape from them and be alone in the healing silence of recollection and in the untroubled presence of God."

Certainly men are not to seek solitude as a means of escape, but they are to seek it none the less. Merton's later prose writing, though not his much more revealing verse, is occasionally interspersed with modifications of this kind. It is as if he were struck by the thought that, when all is said, he is not telling the whole story: Human nature must somehow be essentially good; for that is Catholic philosophy. Since they exist, there are plainly other forms of dedicated life besides the Cistercian. Love is more important than contemplation, and humility is the condition of them both. Mystical experience, like every heavenly grace, is a gift of God. Contemplative prayer should bear fruit in action. Our obligations to men are not to be neglected. There can be selfishness in the pursuit of virtue, egoism in the highest form of religion.

These things are clearly stated and sincerely held, but they appear as parentheses, afterthoughts, standing on the periphery of the argument. Merton lacks the philosopher's intellectual patience and capacity to handle ideas; he is without the equipment of a trained theologian. Consequently he fails to write with continuous reference to these qualifications and so to impress his readers with their importance. The forcefulness of what he has to say would undoubtedly be weakened by the subtleties of balance and proportion. As it is, its character stands unmistakably revealed. In this respect at least, Thomas Merton belongs to the company of Augustine and Bernard, and one might add, of Luther and Kierkegaard. His theology is a projection into his writing of a personal experience.

3

In contrast to many "twice-born" men before him, Merton has not been conspicuously influenced by the New Testament. No special lights came to him, as to St. Augustine and Luther, on reading the *Epistle to the Romans*. The human sources of his inspiration tell their own story: the poetry of Donne and Blake and Manley Hopkins, the apocalypticism of Léon Bloy, the astringencies of Aldous Huxley and Evelyn Waugh, the high intellectualism of Maritain.

Merton can speak effectively to his contemporaries because he is one of them. Despite his enthusiasm for what he conceives apostolic Christianity

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to have been and the glories of the Middle Ages, he is no medievalist in love with the past. He is a modern man — with a difference: a modern man in reverse. His later interests are all of a piece: not the historic origins of the Christian faith but the ideas of "deification" in the Greek Fathers and the timeless message of the mystics. "We will read Scripture and above all the contemplative saints — John of the Cross, Teresa of Avila, John Ruysbroeck, Bonaventure, Bernard and so on." A key to the understanding of Thomas Merton lies in those little phrases, "above all" and "so on."

He is preoccupied with arriving at "a deep and intimate and personal and loving knowledge of God through Christ"; but so great is the disparity between his devotion and his expository thought that he can write an entire essay on "Faith" without once finding it necessary to mention the name of Christ. The poems are another matter; they abound in references to Christianity's central Figure. All of which confirms the impression that Merton finds it easier to embody the orthodoxy of Catholicism in the products of his own imagination than to study his religion at its sources. An obviously felt, if conventional, tribute is repeatedly paid to the paramount importance of our earliest Christian records, but they are not integral to his writing. The expected texts, serving as grist to his mill, are quoted without reference to their context and background. Merton could have written all his books with less knowledge of the New Testament than the educated Christian layman's, eked out by a Scripture concordance. His Biblical hero is not John the Divine but, significantly, John the Baptist.

Here we are concerned with nothing so trivial as a reproach for lack of scholarship. If Merton were addressing himself only to contemplative mystics, an exposition of prayer according to St. John of the Cross rather than the Gospels would be understandable. What he has to say, however, touches the total relationship to God of man in the modern world. His appeal is to the "Christians of our time"; he would assist the human race now "facing the greatest crisis in its history"; he calls for a "spiritual revolution" to "save the world from complete moral collapse." This is no small theme. Even if it be granted that the only thing that remains for Christians is "to affirm their Christianity by that full and unequivocal rejection of the world which their Baptismal vocation demands of them," one fact is plain: the task of elucidating this proposition is beyond Thomas Merton's present intellectual capacities. He may well already be the "saint" of his aspirations; theologically, I am afraid, he is still a young man in a hurry.

What, for instance, are we to understand by "the world"? Merton, in one of his poems, is so far forgetful of the *Book of Genesis* as to speak of "God and His bad earth." He acknowledges that "the flight from the world is nothing else but the flight from selfishness" but is incapable of developing these and many kindred ideas (we recall his early aversion from Plato!) at their proper level. He cannot keep separate the notions of "world" and worldliness. The latter, not the former, is his real concern. Worldliness is an attitude, a state of mind; it is no more located in towns and cities than in the countryside. Secularism exists nowhere but in the secular heart of man. Through failing to notice this, Merton is constantly led into the fallacy known to philosophers as hypostatizing the idea, embodying in the concrete what belongs to the sphere of abstract, though often realized, possibilities.

"What is the 'world' that Christ would not pray for, and of which He said that His disciples were in it but not of it? The world is the unquiet city of those who live for themselves and are therefore divided against one another in a struggle that cannot end, for it will go on eternally in hell. It is the city of those who are fighting for the possession of limited things and for the monopoly of goods and pleasures that cannot be shared by all."

We are not yet quite in any existing city, but there can be no mistaking the implications of the following piece of advice: "Do everything you can to avoid the amusements and the noise and the business of men. Keep as far away as you can from the places where they gather to cheat and insult one another, to exploit one another, to laugh at one another, or to mock one another with their false gestures of friendship. Do not read their newspapers, if you can help it. Be glad if you can keep beyond the reach of their radios. Do not bother with their unearthly songs or their intolerable concern for the ways their bodies look and feel. Do not smoke their cigarettes or drink the things they drink or share their preoccupation with different kinds of food. Do not complicate your life by looking at the pictures in their magazines." In short, become a Trappist-Cistercian monk while living in the world.

4

These are the counsels which Merton offers to his contemporaries as a means for overcoming Marxist materialism. "Christians must show more definite signs of that *agere contra*, that positive 'resistance,' which is the heart of the Christian ascetic 'revolution.'" He has been led into this unrealist position because, for all his personal devotion to Christ, he has scarcely paused to consider what is implied in the Christian doctrine of the Incarnation.

On the very few occasions where he refers to the subject at all, it is not the Johannine message of the Word's having become flesh that interests him. Merton is only too anxious to get away from "our jails of flesh." "Christ . . . is God, who be-

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came incarnate in order to effect a mystical transformation of mankind." With characteristic inconsistency Merton takes refuge in abstractions at the very point where he should be concrete. He goes on to tell us that "only Christ, only the Incarnation, by which God emerged from His eternity to enter into time and consecrate it to Himself, could save time from being an endless series of frustrations." We are indeed a far cry from the "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son . . ." — the *evangelium in evangelio* — of St. John. For Merton it is God's "inexorable Son" over against "this wolf-world, this craven zoo."

The picture is becoming clearer. Merton can insert an occasional brush-stroke of tenderness but there is an inhuman hardness in its broader lines.

> We who have lived too long among your wicked children,
> The flint-eyed brats who own your splendid streets,
> We give you back Stepmother city, to your grey and ailing earth!
> The millionaires
> (Whose limousines sneak to your side as mute as gluttons)
> The millionaires can have you, Egypt, with your onion-breath!

These are not engaging sentiments. They do their author less than justice; but nothing that he says can — or is intended to — efface their memory.

Yet they have their appeal. At a time when men are perplexed with fear and disillusionment the call of the ascetic to world-renunciation can go to the head like wine. It has done so before now in a parallel situation: when the Roman Empire was sinking to its fall. A flight to the desert is also dramatically arresting. The pillar-saints of the Egyptian Thebaid were not without the consolations of an audience. To judge by the historian Josephus, the austerities of John the Baptist made a deeper impression on his contemporaries than the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount. One element of popular success in Merton's writing may be its power to bring vicarious satisfaction to those who remain in normal society yet share his indignation at its evils, a pleasing sense of being on the side of the angels. Denunciation of the unregenerate "they" is only a step removed from "I am holier than thou." It is a step that lies directly in the path of one engaged in contrasting his own vocation with the worthless occupations of others.

We may leave Thomas Merton — or Father Louis, as I would call him now — to the "higher pleasures" of mystical contemplation. Those who know a little of the theory of these things will envy him. They may doubt, however, whether his well-intentioned simplifications can serve any lasting purpose. Had he studied the Pauline Epistles he would have learned that to be a "saint," as he understands the word, is not at any man's disposal. The divine election is always presupposed — and to this no spectacular self-discipline or *agere contra* can lay claim. The same lesson is reinforced in the Augustinian critique of the confident asceticism of Pelagius and his friends.

In other words, mysticism is not for the masses but for an élite. To lose sight of this is to divert Christians from what may well be, for the majority of them, their most urgent business. Their call is not to take flight from society but to revivify it with Christian values from within, to give effect by personal witness to the basic article of their religious creed, to incarnate an element of divine truth and goodness in each human situation. For this undertaking prayer will be the inspiration; but prayer, as St. Thomas Aquinas pointed out at length, is no substitute for energies employed in direct relation to the needs of the hour. In our present predicament no religious propaganda could be more in harmony with the Marxist book than an appeal to Christians to let the world go to the devil in its own way. The most pressing theme for their reflections is the reminder that they are the followers of a Master "who went about doing good and healing all that were oppressed."

A surprising conclusion from a Benedictine who has himself, like Thomas Merton, chosen to live in a monastery? Let me try to remove the inconsistency without a propagandist's special pleading. The Rule of St. Benedict, like every masterpiece of legislation, can suffer without infringement adaptation to varieties of time and place. Benedict wished to organize, not a house of contemplative mystics, but what he called a "school of the Lord's service"; to some of whose more faithful members — since they were required to pray constantly — the gift of contemplation would not be denied.

Historians seem agreed that our Western culture has on the whole profited by a small minority of Christians embracing this form of life. Relatively few of those called to it have been remarkable. While their rivals burned with ascetic zeal the Benedictines have sometimes been unable to do much more than preserve the decencies. On a notable occasion they gave shelter to the disgraced and dying Abelard, for whom the outstanding monastic reformer of the day could find no compassion. A Benedictine monastery has come to be regarded by its inhabitants not as an asylum in which to escape from the contagion of the worldly-minded, but as a place of withdrawal from which to obtain a truer view of the world God so loved as to send his Son to save it — a world to whose well-being they owe a direct contribution. That some have this vocation rather than to commerce or industry, or a profession in one of the arts or sciences, or what you please, points to nothing in particular. Except perhaps to yet another instance of "the many ways of mystery and many things God brings to be."

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Books and Men

Since the war, the book trade has been jolted out of its usual course by the runaway of paper-bound books, which this year will sell more than 260 million copies. For an accounting of this phenomenon, we turned to DAVID DEMPSEY, *one of the Editors of the* New York Times Book Review. *A graduate of Antioch, class of 1937, Mr. Dempsey served as a combat correspondent with the Fourth Marine Division; he collaborated in the preparation of two volumes of war history and then did free-lance work in New York before joining the staff of the* Times.

THE REVOLUTION IN BOOKS

by DAVID DEMPSEY

1

Until the war, we Americans who bought books — and there were not many of us — constituted a fairly cohesive and civilized community, operating from a common set of literary values. We did not necessarily read the same books, but we agreed that books were necessary; and by our support of the book clubs and patronage of bookshops, by our approval of the titles stocked in public libraries, and by the occasional expensive set of classics that we installed in our living rooms we dominated literary taste.

Today we are being invaded by a multitude of people whose frantic appetite for books in paper covers accounted for the sale of 257 million copies in 1952 alone. Over the past few years these men and women, the majority of whom did not buy books at all before the reprint craze, purchased 40 million copies of Erle Stanley Gardner's mysteries, 6 million copies of Erskine Caldwell's *God's Little Acre*, over 3 million copies of *How to Win Friends and Influence People*, 1.6 million copies of *The Pocket Book of Verse*, a million copies of Shakespeare's *Tragedies*, 750,000 copies of George Orwell's *1984*, 300,000 copies of *The Dialogues of Plato*, and 200,000 copies of Susanne Langer's *Philosophy in a New Key*.

The success of the reprints is a logical expression of our times. These books are small, and adapted to the marsupial habits of a nation that does much of its reading on the jump. They are easy to buy (many are now sold in vending machines, like chewing gum), alluringly packaged, and available to millions of persons who live outside the range of a bookstore or are afraid to enter one.

There are today about twenty paperback houses in the field. Seven of these — The New American Library, Pocket Books, Bantam, Gold Medal, Popular, Avon, and Dell, in approximately that pecking order — account for about 85 per cent of the total business. Their product is a highly competitive and indiscriminate melange of serious literature and trash, of self-help and pseudo science, of sex and inspiration — never before has American publishing put forth such a nicely homogenized product, with the cream of letters so palatably disseminated in the total output. This explains why such books as Edith Hamilton's *The Greek Way to Western Civilization* and the novels of Kathleen Winsor can be sold bust by jowl on drug counters. It accounts for the fact that Faulkner's *The Wild Palms* has been made available, if not necessarily comprehensible, to a million rank-and-file buyers. It has suddenly made the books of Flaubert, Hawthorne, and D. H. Lawrence contemporary with Marquand and Steinbeck. If the reprints have done nothing else, they have taken the classics away from the protective custody of the pedants.

Who buys them? At present, a million high school students use reprints through their membership in the Teen Age Book Club. Some 172 titles on the New American Library's list, mostly from its excellent *Mentor* nonfiction series, are required reading in schools and colleges. The United Automobile Workers, CIO, operating its own book club, uses reprints exclusively. The Armed Services buy millions of copies for distribution to troops, the State Department distributes them by the hundreds of thousands in countries such as India, and an estimated 20 million copies last year were sold abroad.

But the bulk of 1952's astronomical total was sold to a hard core of 10 million "regular" buyers. In a survey for Bantam Books a few years ago, the George Gallup organization discovered that only one in every three of these people bought trade editions of books, and a high proportion of these sales could be attributed to interest stimulated by reprints. The fact, too, that quarter-book fans attended the movies more frequently than the popu-

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lation as a whole and spent more time viewing TV is evidence that they are not conventional book buyers — that the reprints, in fact, have created a new public for books.

One of the characteristics of this audience is that it comes to literature with a kind of healthy ignorance, willing to take the good with the bad, hardly aware of Faulkner's reputation among professional littérateurs but profoundly affected by the vitality of his storytelling. But more than this, these readers are democratic in their allegiances — an "unknown" may do as well as or better than an established writer since, in a sense, to the new audience most authors are unknown. Richard Bissell's *A Stretch on the River*, that lusty book which first saw the light of day in the *Atlantic*, was an indifferent success in the trade but rolled up a sale of 750,000 at 25 cents. And the same thing happens to the established author who has never had a "hit" — the man who has lived on the admiration of a small group of critics and suddenly finds himself with a reading public.

Under hard-cover publishing, it is virtually impossible for a writer of books to make any kind of living unless he writes a best seller. If he does not, he is lucky to earn more than $2500 on his book. The reprints have suddenly given many of these "unsuccessful" authors a living income. Advances of $10,000 and $15,000 at the present time are not uncommon for novels that failed to earn their authors a third that much in trade sales. Indeed, they are not uncommon for books that have not even been published, for it is now customary to sell the reprint rights before the hard-cover edition appears, and many a publisher will not accept a book unless he can get a reprint house to take it on.

Publishers call this "getting off the nut," but it might also be described as a case of the tail wagging the dog, since it puts the ultimate selection of a great many books at the disposition of the subsidiary market. The author can hardly be blamed for cutting his cloth to fit the reprint pattern, since it may mean the difference between eating and starving. "In my house in Florida," writes an author whose latest book started off with an initial printing of 376,000 copies, "I have a couple of thousand reviews of my hard-cover books at which I never look. Few of them ever meant anything. None of them, even though prominent reviews, ever sold any books. . . . I would rather be the author of a live book being read by millions than the author of a relatively dead one being read by thousands."

This, of course, is as much a commentary on the failures of trade publishing as on the success of reprints. In 1865 there were 2090 bookstores in the United States. Today there are fewer than 2000 although our population has more than tripled in the interim. Obviously, something is wrong with the old system when books can no longer be sold profitably in bookstores but are successfully merchandised in chain groceries, variety stores, and railway terminals.

2

It is easy to take a cheerful view of this turn of events and assume that the diffusion of books is proof of the diffusion of Culture. But the neat equation, inexpensive books plus 100,000 outlets equals 10 million new readers, leaves one factor unaccounted for. What kind of books are in greatest demand?

One need not disparage the excellent work being done by the leading houses to point out that the vast majority of paperbacks sold today are something less than literature. Just about 4 per cent of 1952's crop was nonfiction, and although this represents three times as many copies as the 1945 figure, it is actually a smaller percentage of the total. Thirty-seven per cent of the reprints sold in 1952 were mysteries and westerns (a substantial decline from the 1945 figure of 57.8 per cent). Straight novels boomed from 16 per cent in 1945 to 51 in 1952, and now constitute the largest single category. "Love" novels and historicals account for 4 per cent of the total. The remainder (approximately 4 per cent) consist of puzzle books, sports, and miscellaneous subjects.

It is when we approach fiction that we meet the Mr. Hyde to the industry's Dr. Jekyll. The thinly disguised bid for the semipornographic trade is evident to anyone who has studied the lurid cover illustrations and come-on nature of the blurbs. Even the classics have been trotted out to satisfy this demand. If *The Pocket Book of Old Masters* is seized as obscene — as it was in Dubuque, Iowa — we may answer, Why should it be all right to look at paintings of nude ladies in museums but not in books? Is *Petronius* a classic as long as it is inaccessible at $5, but a menace to morals at 25 cents in a drugstore? Is there an element of opportunism in peddling *The Golden Ass* of Apuleius and *Droll Tales* to high school children, or should we congratulate the publisher for his service to education? These are some of the questions that are perplexing communities all over the country simply because books — good and bad — are available to everyone at the cost of a package of cigarettes. The abuse of good taste not only invites ill-considered and arbitrary attempts at censorship but needlessly sacrifices much of the good will which the industry has built up for itself.

Unfortunately, too, the discovery that good books can be sold in quantity has been followed by the discovery that more of them can be sold if presented as bad books. It is customary, and even charitable, to look upon the emphasis on sex as a necessary condition of the industry's survival. Competition for rack and display space is keen.

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"You can't sell 'em if you don't get 'em up," the manager of one reprint firm said to me. And your chances of "getting 'em up" are increased as the neckline is lowered, whether it is the neckline of Amber or Tess of the D'Urbervilles. The salacious jacket and provocative title are bad enough in themselves. But what is worse is the effect they are having on editorial trends. The "point of sale" dictation of title and jacket has put the fate of too much writing in the hands of quota-minded wholesalers and to that extent is taking literature away from editors who should be reasonably free of economic pressures. The result is that contemporary American reprint fiction, to an extent not typical of our fiction as a whole, is assuming a curious monotony. The sordid and sadistic, acting under a sort of Gresham's law of literary taste, threaten to drive out the civilized and virtuous — at least from the reprint racks — leaving the American people (who know better) and the Europeans (who cannot judge fairly) with the impression that we are a nation of sex-starved idiots.

Since it is impossible to discuss reprints without referring to the current craze for Mickey Spillane, this is a good place to point out that the reprints did not create Spillane, but merely rescued him from the obscurity of trade publishing. Perhaps the craze (16 million copies of his books have been sold in the past five years) is merely a reflection of democratic taste in a democratic society. But you can argue that this subservience to the market is the vulgarization of literature, particularly when its influence reaches millions rather than thousands of readers.

And in this connection one must ask, Where is the book that is not reprinted? Where is Henry Green, that admittedly special but delightful satirist of modern life? Where is Joyce Cary? Elizabeth Bowen? Among Americans, where is Mary Ellen Chase? To call the roll of the missing is to suspect that too often they fail the reprint racks as prophets of violence and celebrators of sex. One wonders if the "happy ending" has not been sacrificed to an equally tortured "realism." One questions whether there is a place in the reprint industry for the multitude of books which were never intended for the larger audience, the sort of thing that trade publishers do year after year because they feel a responsibility to their craft that transcends the purely commercial aspects of publishing.

Yet even this tradition is being threatened. Precisely because the reprints have made writing profitable for more authors, they have made trade editors more amenable to the type of book that can be most profitably reprinted. In many cases, literary agents now submit manuscripts directly to the paperbacks, who in turn line up a publisher that is willing to go through the motions of "bringing out the book."

The future of the paper-bound book lies in its ability to develop a creative counterpart to match its skill in selling. The reprints have proved that there is a mass market for books. They have successfully devised a whole new set of merchandising techniques. But they have not devised many new books. In thirteen years they have cheerfully plundered the literary wealth of the last three centuries besides skimming both the cream and the dirt from the year-to-year publishing seasons. But the very economics of this process is beginning to work against them because the authors, who must divide their subsidiary earnings with the trade publisher, are getting restive.

An increasing number are writing directly for the paperback market. One firm, Gold Medal, publishes nothing but originals, although of a decidedly second-rate nature. Dell will soon add an original line to its reprints. *The Pocket Book of Child Care* by Benjamin Spock, a book as common in nurseries as baby oil, was written expressly for Pocket Books (although a trade edition is available) and has sold more than 4 million copies, from which the author receives full royalties.

But the time bomb that is ticking away beneath the foundations of the publishing industry today is the Ballantine Plan. This is an arrangement whereby the hard- and soft-cover editions of a book are published simultaneously. It represents the wheel come full circle in the gradual swing to paper covers, for under this plan the "reprint" is printed first, the basic costs amortized on this edition, and the "original" then published from the same plates, with the result that the price of hard-cover books published in this manner will average $1.50 instead of the present $3.

There are other portents. This year, Ballantine Books will inaugurate an annual anthology of new poetry, to be edited by Rolfe Humphries and sold, in paper editions, in the mass market. The New American Library's scholarly *Mentor* line, now sold in a highly selective group of outlets, will soon be available on many general stands. This firm has already demonstrated, with its semiannual *New World Writing*, that serious original writing can be sustained in editions of 110,000. A similar venture, *Discovery*, will soon be launched by Pocket Books. Penguin Books, the British paperback firm, is now firmly established in this country with an enviable list of titles, although distribution is limited. Permabooks, a relatively new imprint, is proving that a major reprint line can be organized around a list that is primarily nonfiction.

Quite possibly the time will come when most trade books will be sold in paper covers — to the dismay of the book clubs and the dealers. As for the horrendous Spillane — perhaps he is the price we must pay, in a democratic culture, for being able to buy *A Passage to India* for 25 cents. As bargains go, it is not so bad.

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THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf

THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY

EDWARD WEEKS

As everyone knows, there are various modes of walking about a city, and the more pleasurable are seldom indulged in. On most of our walks we are in too much of a hurry — to catch a train, to keep an appointment, to see the dentist. Those are functional walks, but even in them there is a difference — the world looks totally different when you walk *away* from the dentist's office with a clean bill of health for the next six months. You are not hurrying then, not fighting the traffic at each corner. You are simply sauntering, which I think is the essence of any good walk.

The Dog Walk, for instance, is a saunter. There are, of course, certain functional aspects to it, and if your dog is a fighter or oversexed, you proceed with caution. But at its best the Dog Walk permits the leisure and the moments of surprise and identification which are the fun of any meander.

The first thing you need for a good city walk is a pleasurable objective. It could be the polar bears in the Central Park Zoo, which Sir Osbert Sitwell and I spent some time admiring in the winter sunlight. Or it could be the Gardner Museum here in Boston, with the blazing color of Sargent's "El Yaleo" and the fragrance of the flowers to greet you as you come out of the chill mist of the Fenway. Or it could be Brooklyn Bridge at dusk on a clear December eve.

In the short, dark days of winter the best walking is done alone. In his stimulating essay, *The Name and Nature of Poetry*, A. E. Housman has told of the creative process which went on in his mind on those walks most conducive to his poetry. Something like this on a more modest, less poetic scale is potential in all of us on the soft, snowy dusk of a winter's evening. Winter is the city's season, and the old parts of Boston take on a singular beauty when lamplight and snowfall have smoothed away the bleakness. A walk down Cornhill with an early supper at Durgin-Park or the old Union Oyster House; the steep, slippery amble around Beacon Hill — up Joy Street, down Pinckney, with a glance into the half-disclosing windows of the tiny houses, through Louisburg Square, and then up Mt. Vernon; or a jaunt along Charles Street, that village within the city, with its old curiosity shops, the bakery, the florist, and the delicatessen — these are a few of my escapes from being shut in. There is only one enemy to all this — the north wind, which is well-behaved enough at Christmas but which by February has become a harsh, impersonal adversary. The wind across the Charles River brings tears to the eyes, and it's no fun walking while you weep.

A walker in London

Some of my happiest hours in London have been spent in the company of those delightful perambulators, H. M. Tomlinson and James Bone. Together they have shown me the docks and old taverns and the secluded works of Wren; and my pleasant hours with them came flooding back to me as I read ***Winter in London*** (Doubleday, $3.50), those essays of excursion in which **Ivor Brown**, formerly the editor of the *Spectator*, has expressed his devotion to the great city.

Out of his vast reading Mr. Brown has peopled Hampstead, Highgate, Southwark, Chelsea, Stepney, Limehouse, and Paddington with their more famous residents of the past. He knows where their houses stood or stand, and on his walks he reshifts the scene to show you what that particular niche of London was like when John Harvard or Blake or Marvell or Keats lived there. He points to the curious coincidence that brought the Harvard family and the Shakespeares together in the same borough.

He seeks out the walls of Marshalsea prison, where John Dickens, the father of Charles, was confined as a debtor and where the story of *Little Dorrit* had its origin. He walks us to Wentworth Place to show the view of the Hampstead Ponds Keats loved in those days when he was living next door to Fanny Brawne. He shows us No. 2, the Pines, the sedate residence where Sir Max Beerbohm went to visit Swinburne. He takes us underground to some of the more famous wells, dungeons, and crypts, notably the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's. I like this book for its pleasant memories, for its lively sense of participation, and for its refreshing use of the essay.

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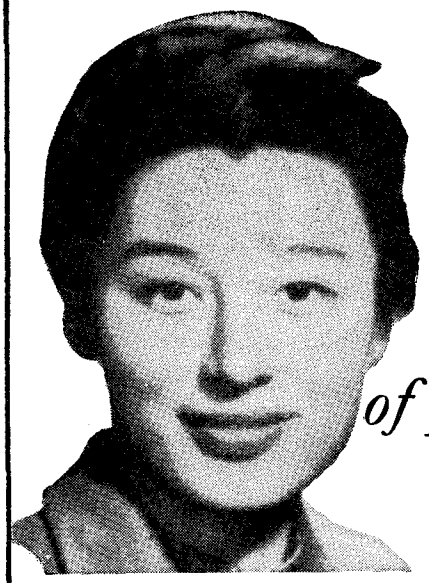

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May Sarton is an American novelist and poet whose books have a sensitive affiliation with Europe. Her father, a historian of science, is a Belgian; her mother was English. Her parents fled before the German invasion of 1914; they took refuge across the Atlantic, and May was brought up in Cambridge, where her father had joined the Harvard faculty. But in the summers she went back to renew her ties with Belgium and England; so it is natural that she writes about Europe with exceptional understanding. Her first novel, *The Single Hound*, was laid in England; her second, *The Bridge of Years*, is a beautifully authentic portrayal of a Belgian family between the wars; and her new book, ***A Shower of Summer Days*** (Rinehart, $2.75), is a story of contemporary Ireland, ripe for mature appreciation.

I find it a delight to read a book which concentrates on only four characters — or five if you include Annie, the cook — and which makes of their relationship and of their reaction to each other such an exciting, evocative affair. The scene is Dene's Court, an austerely beautiful, long-slumbering Irish country house which has survived the burnings, and to which after an absence of twenty years return Violet Dene Gordon, a daughter of the house, and her English husband, Charles, whose job in Burma has evaporated. The house is reopened for them; and they have hardly adjusted themselves to its isolation, its cool rooms and overgrown garden, when an SOS arrives from Violet's sister, long domiciled in America: her daughter Sally has become infatuated with an actor, and the easiest way to break it up is to have Sally spend the summer in Ireland. Can she come?

Violet and Charles have no children of their own and they rather resent this intrusion. Sally hadn't wanted to come and she was still mad when she arrived; she is impulsive and outspoken, and the fact that her aunt and uncle are so much in love locks her off in her loneliness. But as the Irish summer blooms, she capitulates, first to Violet's beauty and then to Charles's flirtation. At this point comes a cable from Sally's actor, Ian, saying that he is flying over for the weekend.

Miss Sarton is at her poetic best in describing the moods of the house in sunlight and in rain, and scenes such as the picking of the wild strawberries, the expedition to the hilltop, or Ian's conversation with Violet in the walled garden, where she manages to touch every color with that peculiar and transitory brilliance so characteristic of Ireland. I am captivated by Violet, the professional beauty who must be loved and who spends her summer days reliving her youth and at the same time so deftly keeping at bay Sally and Charles and Ian. The men in the story are of weaker metal than their bosses, and Ian in particular is too pliant, but I do enjoy Miss Sarton's delineation of temperament and the skill with which she lets her men and women reveal themselves as they strive in cross-purposes and in intimacy to be true.

The brother who stayed at home

In ***The Sojourner*** (Scribner's, $3.50), her first novel since *The Yearling*, **Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings** has written the story of a slow-burning family feud and of what happens to the strong silent man of the family, a farmer with a green thumb, who keeps the home light burning while his more adventurous older brother, whom he adores, is seeking a fortune in the West. The keynote is struck in the opening scene, which finds Amelia Linden and her two tall sons, Benjamin and Asahel, returning from the grave of her unloved husband. In this harsh lithograph it is made bluntly clear that Amelia's only thoughts are for Benjamin, and that Benjamin, who hates farming, is determined to get out. He signs away his third of the estate and disappears that night, leaving Ase to farm the land and care for the obsessed woman.

Ase Linden is a good farmer and a kind man, and his rich acres — which I take to be in western New York — soon make him a prosperous one. He marries Ben's girl, Nellie Wilson — as Ben had told him to — and their house with its fast increasing family and its well-stocked barn gives every outward appearance of being happy. Ase is so inarticulate that he cannot confide even to Nellie, whom he truly loves. It is only to Mink Fisher, the trapper, and to Tim McCarthy, the fiddler, that he can unburden himself. Ase's character shows in what he does: he is scrupulous with his neighbors, unsparing in the care of his animals, his soil, and his family.

The ever-turning continuity of farm life is beautifully depicted. The smell of the harvest, the coming of the first snow, the preparations on the morning of Christmas Eve, the honeys and the jellies which Nellie puts up, the visit of the gypsies, the great meals Nellie serves for the harvest hands — the round is so even and productive that it takes the shock of little Dolly's death in the blizzard, when she is led astray by Amelia, to make us realize the vindictiveness with which that old woman haunts the place.

It is in these oppositions of human nature that the story seems to me forced beyond belief. I cannot believe in Amelia's implacable hatred of Ase; I cannot believe Ase himself would have so hopelessly antagonized his three oldest children any more than I can believe in his undimmed longing for Ben over sixty years. I cannot understand why he never took the strap to Nat, never took the boys fishing, never in rough usage broke down the partitions which this story keeps setting up. In the face of these feuds Nellie and Nellie's food constitute the one strong bond that holds the family together. She supplies the plausibility which the scheming Amelia and the absent Ben do not.

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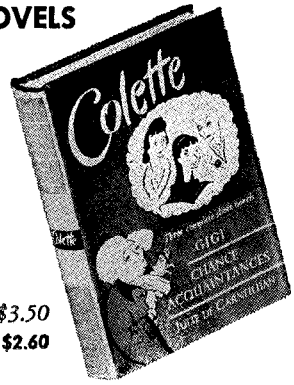

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BOOKS *The Editors Like*

Fiction

THE LOST TRAIL OF THE SAHARA *by R. Frison-Roche.* (Prentice-Hall, $2.95.) The author really knows the Sahara, and his tale of exploration there works up enormous excitement and suspense without recourse to any of the classic Foreign Legion gambits.

THE DEVIL THAT FAILED *by Maurice Samuel.* (Knopf, $3.00.) A woolly-witted professor who suddenly becomes 13 feet tall is hardly a promising hero, but Mr. Samuel has contrived an unexpectedly amusing parable about this reluctant monstrosity.

THE LAZY ONES *by Albert Cossery.* (New Directions, $2.75.) Mr. Cossery's Egyptian setting is simultaneously poetic and convincing. His plot is utterly bizarre, grim comedy about a sleepy family stirred to lunatic action by threats to its perpetual siesta.

THE CENTER OF THE STAGE *by Gerald Sykes.* (Farrar, Straus & Young, $3.00.) A frivolous woman's struggle against her husband's saintly habit of reforming her friends is the basis of this worldly, witty, uneven novel.

Painters and Painting

PAUL KLEE *by Carola Giedion-Welcker.* (Viking, $7.50.) A generous supply of reproductions supports Dr. Giedion-Welcker's practical, evocative commentary. Here is a fine book on an artist of extraordinary power and charm.

ETRUSCAN PAINTING *by Massimo Pallottino.* (Skira, $12.50.) Fine reproductions, in color, of Etruscan tomb paintings from the seventh to the first century B.C. Rock and plaster are all but tangible, providing a lively view of an art form that is well worth attention.

DAVID TO DELACROIX *by Walter Friedlaender.* (Harvard University Press, $6.00.) The development of French painting from the Revolution to the mid-nineteenth century is discussed here with a nice balance of authority and affection. The reproductions are not in color.

Essays and Criticism

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE CRITIC *by F. O. Matthiessen.* (Oxford University Press, $5.00.) Previously uncollected essays and reviews by a critic whose comments are always wise and illuminating, even though the books that inspired them occasionally were neither.

THE OVERREACHER *by Harry Levin.* (Harvard University Press, $4.00.) Mr. Levin reconstructs Christopher Marlowe's mind through analysis of his plays, with special emphasis on his experiments, innovations, and the unorthodox opinions which won this lively genius a bad name in his own day.

THE BLUE FOX *by Ronald Duncan.* (Oxford University Press, $3.50.) These sketches of farm life in Devonshire cover wandering cows, summer boarders, and bucolic cantankerousness in general with a sly, sophisticated humor that has nothing to do with geography.

Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO

It is not merely a hangover from *Sironia, Texas* which prompts me to suggest that there is a trend toward corpulence in American fiction. One striking difference between today's American and European novels is that the former, on the average, are much fatter. Mr. Hemingway, to be sure, has recently given us a shining example of how much can be achieved in a small compass; and there certainly are plenty of American writers whose work is admirably compact. But by and large, big novels are becoming more prevalent — possibly because, though most people complain they can't give enough time to reading, popular taste, paradoxically, runs to novels that are fat.

This trend toward more wordage seems to me unfortunate, not because it makes more work for reviewers, but because selectivity and compression are the essence of literary virtue, and prolixity is the shortest cut to dullness: as Pater said, "All art does but consist in the removal of surplusage." To produce a novel that is genuinely big takes a big talent, which is necessarily rare. Even the better-than-average big novels that come my way often owe a sizable part of their girth to artistic indiscipline — to nonremoval of "surplusage." A case in point is a first novel with some remarkable qualities, ***The Devil Rides Outside*** (Smiths, $4.00) by **John H. Griffin.**

The nameless narrator is a young American musicologist who has been educated in France; and who, leaving behind a mistress in Paris, comes to a French Benedictine monastery, as a guest, to pursue his studies in Gregorian chant. There is little religion in him and abounding lust, but as he shares the harsh life of the monks he is drawn to the ideal of saintliness. The story feverishly records — with abrupt transitions from erotic fact and fantasy to the searching for God — the hero's struggle with the devil in his flesh.

The novel's basic weakness is that the hero, though a man in years, is a juvenile figure who has not outgrown the sex-turmoil of an adolescent, and whose spiritual conflict sounds more like a crisis of puberty than an adult drama of the soul. For his conflict hinges on the naïve idea that if he can once resist fleshly temptation — and the woman he finally resists is peculiarly untempting — he will be all set to become a saint. Most of the

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novel's sound and fury is bound up with the medieval notion that sex is the domain of Satan; and the hero's morality is of roughly the same order as that of an alcoholic in whose eyes all evil is lodged in a bottle of booze. From the purely literary standpoint, the novel is marred by excess — it is full of redundancies and of passages overblown with emotionalism.

But when all this has been said on the negative side, there remain very considerable literary merits — the convincing description of life in the monastery; individual scenes that have a powerful impact; a superb portrait of a vain, nasty, insanely possessive woman; above all, energy and a sense of life intensely felt.

The ways of love

The Loved and the Unloved (Pellegrini & Cudahy, $3.00) by **François Mauriac** — winner of the 1952 Nobel Prize for Literature and France's leading Catholic novelist — is an exemplary case of "the removal of surplusage." This 143-page story (translated by Gerard Hopkins) has the classic virtues: brevity of style; concentrated plotting; and a well-defined dramatic progression. The setting is a dreary little French provincial town, and in a few pages we are steeped in its atmosphere — its petty snobbery, its malice, and its worship of the almighty hectare. An idyll between a boy and a girl starry-eyed about each other is interwoven with the drama of an unloved, middle-aged woman's sordid pursuit of a young man who finds her disgusting. The repellent Madame Agathe — an arresting specimen of Mauriac's women who are "damned" — is the instrument whereby the austere young man is freed from his false image of himself and of the unworthy friend whom he has idolized.

Of Mauriac's more than twenty novels, eight have been published in the United States and all are at present in print. Though widely read in France, Mauriac's books have had but a limited following in this country. The reason may be that, in a certain sense, he makes the worst of both worlds. In a Postscript to *The Loved and the Unloved* which explains its Christian orientation, Mauriac says: "The picture I have painted is indeed black. It shows humanity untouched by Grace." To the reader who does not share his religious beliefs, there is an aridity in Mauriac's vision of the world, pervasively imbued as it is with the notion of Man's guilt; I can't help feeling that the *Bon Dieu* would probably approve if Mauriac could forget Original Sin long enough to show a bit more human love. At the same time, Mauriac has been reproached by Catholic critics for not showing, sufficiently, the victory of Grace. His distinctions as a novelist are that, despite the militancy of his faith, he has refused to force his talent to prove theological points; and further, that he is often a keen psychologist and certainly one of the finest craftsmen of our time.

A strong contender for last year's Nobel Prize, along with Ernest Hemingway, was Madame Colette, currently represented by a collection of three short novels, entitled ***Colette*** (Farrar, Straus & Young, $3.50). *Gigi* (successfully dramatized on Broadway) is the story of an entrancing adolescent who is being groomed to be an expensive courtesan, and who is such an inept pupil that her exasperating innocence snares her an enormously rich husband. *Julie de Carneilhan* deals with the complex, somewhat elusive relationship between an elegant Parisienne of forty and her ex-husband. In *Chance Acquaintances* Colette appears in person, accompanied by her beloved cats, as the narrator of two dramas which take place at a French spa.

While only *Gigi* is close to representing Colette at her best, the other two novelettes bear witness to her extraordinary gifts. Colette's domain — and she sticks to it exclusively — is love, or more precisely, those relationships which have to do with the bed. Her special genius is that she writes about those relationships with an utterly matter-of-fact and utterly feminine truthfulness, which knows no shame and yet is never shaming. It might be said of her that she considers love too serious a business for the novelist to treat it with romanticism or sentimentality, with eroticism or even passion. But though her eye is cool and clear, her heart is warm. There is wit in her work and a sense of fun; and she brilliantly renders the world of the senses. Her celebrated style — Maugham once said no one in France wrote better — inevitably loses in translation. But even in the English it conveys with economy no end of subtle nuances, and it retains considerable charm.

Memoirs of war and peace

Turbulent Era (Houghton Mifflin, 2 vols., $15.00) tells the story of **Joseph C. Grew's** forty-one years of diplomatic service. The first four chapters and a few other passages have been newly written by Mr. Grew; the rest has been drawn from the 168 volumes of papers which he accumulated. The formidable editorial job of selection has been so skillfully done by Walter Johnson that *Turbulent Era* comes fairly close to reading like a regular autobiography.

Mr. Grew's career started in Cairo in 1904, and by 1914 it had taken him to St. Petersburg, Berlin, and Vienna. He was in Berlin again during the years preceding America's entry into the First World War; in Paris during the peacemaking; in Tokyo, as Ambassador, during the critical decade before Pearl Harbor; in Washington, as Under Secretary of State, during the fateful last four months of Roosevelt's Presidency and the equally fateful first four months of Truman's.

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Ways of improving these important skills are fast being devised. Their development was given a great impetus during the war when the armed forces found that many college-educated officer candidates had reading difficulties. The techniques discovered then and since constitute a highly specialized educational field.

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Each month during the school year the classroom edition of The ATLANTIC contains a special section called "The Atlantic Guide to Better Reading Skills." Prepared by professional reading clinicians, it consists of reading exercises based on articles in the current ATLANTIC. These exercises, which make full use of most of the new techniques, are self-administering — no teacher is required. They give you practice in the basic reading skills, and in a host of sub-skills, all of which when mastered will make you more than ever the master of any printed page. You can now obtain reprints of this special section to be delivered to you *detached from your ATLANTIC* for easy home use.

THE ATLANTIC READING METHOD WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO

1. Read *faster*
2. *Retain* more of what you read
3. Increase your *vocabulary* without interruptions for dictionary reference
4. Spot "*loaded*" words
5. *Distinguish* quickly between fact and opinion
6. *Analyze* arguments
7. *Skim* an article and get the salient points
8. Improve your reading skill in dozens of other small ways so that you can get the most out of *all* your reading in a minimum of time

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— *Katherine English, The Winsor School, Boston, Massachusetts*

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The ATLANTIC'S Reading Guide is prepared monthly during the school year — September through June. You can order reprints of it for only 25¢ per copy for four or more months for mail delivery to your home. Just mail the attached order coupon to us enclosing a check or stamps at the rate of 25¢ per copy ordered. For just a few cents you can see for yourself how much help you can get from this new ATLANTIC service. Reprints will be mailed to arrive at about the same time as the issue of The ATLANTIC on which the exercises are based. Since the supply of reprints will be limited we suggest that you mail the order form TODAY to guarantee yourself a place on the mailing list.

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1-3

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Grew reveals himself as a man, not of arresting intellect or vision, but of steadfast integrity, tolerance, and dedication to the Foreign Service. The special value of his book is that it grinds no political axes: it is truly a diplomatic *record*. Thus while Mr. Grew believes that the United States could have averted war with Japan, possibly even as late as summer 1941, his scrupulous and immensely detailed account of U.S.-Japanese relations could readily be taken as bolstering the opposite conclusion; as showing, even, that Grew was consistently overoptimistic about Japanese policy and erred disastrously in encouraging appeasement in the 1930s. Occasionally, Mr. Grew actually points up errors of judgment, as when he writes in a footnote: "It shocks me profoundly to remember that on the outbreak of war in 1914 most of us in the Embassy in Berlin accepted the German point of view hook, bait and sinker."

Mr. Grew's diaries and letters (in which he was sometimes "thoroughly indiscreet") give *Turbulent Era* a strong leavening of informality. The earlier chapters — with their picture of diplomatic social life before the First World War; their vignettes of the Tsar, the Kaiser, the Emperor Franz Joseph, and the delicious glimpses of Theodore Roosevelt having a bully time in Berlin — are especially rich in human interest. Although the writing is pedestrian, I found the greater part of these 1500 pages thoroughly engrossing.

I cannot say the same, I'm afraid, in regard to **Ernest J. King's** autobiography, ***Fleet Admiral King*** (Norton, $6.75), which has been written in the third person by a collaborator, Commander Walter Muir Whitehill. The story of a great career climaxed by top-level involvement in one of history's greatest dramas emerges as a ponderous dossier, cluttered with superfluous detail and ploddingly put together. Incidents worth a few lines run on to several pages. But on the big issues — for instance, King's sharp differences over strategy in the last war with Marshall, with other U.S. military leaders, and with the British — the book's rigorously impersonal, tight-lipped statement of the salient facts is distinctly unsatisfying.

An anonymous wit once said of King, "He's so tough he shaves with a blowtorch"; and John Gunther has referred to him as a "formidable old crustacean," who could raise "holy hell with F.D.R." In these discreet pages we never get very intimate with King as a human being and we do not see much "holy hell" being raised. One is tempted to say — with due apology for frivolous exaggeration — that the Admiral won't talk and the Commander can't write.

But to the student, amateur or professional, of naval affairs, this autobiography is obviously a document of first-rate importance. It furnishes a close-up of the U.S. Navy's growth since the turn of the century — King went to sea as a naval cadet during the Spanish-American War. And it offers a uniquely comprehensive and authoritative account of the U.S. Navy's role in World War II.

Conquest of a continent

The Course of Empire (Houghton Mifflin, $6.00) by **Bernard DeVoto** is a narrative of prodigious sweep which tells how, over three centuries, the North American continent was bit by bit explored. *The Year of Decision: 1846*, *Across the Wide Missouri*, and the present volume form a trilogy whose central theme is the role of continental geography in the creation of the American nation.

To the writing of history, Mr. DeVoto brings an appetite for research as voracious as any scholar's, a journalist's ebullience, and something of the spirit of the frontiersman. As a preparation for *The Course of Empire*, he journeyed along the trails of the continent's explorers, even unto navigating the shallows of the Missouri in a dugout. And his reading ranged, in time, back to the Paleozoic Age; in space, as far afield as China; in language, to documents translated from the Welsh. The resulting volume contributes discoveries, clears up uncertainties, polishes off one or two tenacious myths, and furnishes fresh insights into how geographic realities have shaped American experience.

But such insatiable curiosity, such thoroughness as DeVoto's are not without liabilities. The story he has to tell is by its nature a complex one, made up of hundreds of episodes and containing a half-dozen motifs; and by elaborating each episode and each motif so richly, DeVoto has let his narrative get enormously intricate. I was hard put to keep my bearings and sometimes found the going a bit strenuous.

The Course of Empire shows how a beautiful dream, rooted in myth, led to the discovery of a different but glorious reality. The book begins with Cortes and the Spanish explorers who pushed northward and westward out of the Valley of Mexico in search of the passage to Cathay and the legendary country of the Seven Cities, flowing with emeralds and gold. The final tableau is of Lewis and Clark camped beside the Pacific.

The drama focuses, at the outset, on adventurers propelled by wondrous misconceptions, whose frightful experiences established the first footholds on truth — Cabeza de Vaca, probably the first white man to glimpse the Mississippi; De Soto, who reached it thirteen years later; Coronado, who found his way into Kansas; and others. Then the accent is on the struggles of four empires, a contest which quickened the march of discovery. In the foreground, throughout, are the Indians, who affect every stage of the white man's westward expansion. The drama has a central protagonist, the Missouri River. For it was the Missouri that yielded the answers to the mysteries of the West and was the highway to conquest of the continent.

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Potpourri

THE LETTERS OF EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY *edited by Allan Ross Macdougall.* Harper, $5.00.

Edna St. Vincent Millay once said that she would "rather lay a pipeline or dig a grave than write a letter." But she poured herself unstintingly into the letters she wrote, and they are wonderfully alive. They give us a warm, fascinating picture of a mercurial personality, with great sensitivity and great generosity of spirit: an artist of exacting standards who was a clear-eyed critic of her own work and deplored the "acres of bad poetry" which she wrote in response to the stresses of war. This is the correspondence — and, in rough outline, the life story — of a woman who lived in top gear emotionally. One finds in it much beauty, seriousness, and noble enthusiasms; much wit and boisterous high spirits; and not a little flippancy and playful nonsense, too.

LYING IN STATE *by Stanton Griffis.* Doubleday, $3.75.

This autobiography of a self-made tycoon takes in Wall Street, the book business, the entertainment world, politics, a wartime cloak-and-dagger mission, and a career in diplomacy. Mr. Griffis is owner of Brentano's; a director of Madison Square Garden; and a top executive in Paramount Pictures. During the Second World War, he conducted the delicate negotiations in Stockholm which cut off the flow of Swedish ball bearings to the Nazis. Then he was Ambassador to Poland, Egypt, Argentina, and finally Spain. What he has to say about these missions is interesting but not especially significant. His book as a whole, however, makes very sprightly reading.

SPRING IN SPAIN *by MacKinley Helm.* Harcourt, Brace, $5.00.

An urbanely written travelogue, full of what Aldous Huxley has called "culture gossip," but free of pedantry. In the tone of a civilized man gossiping lightheartedly about his interests, Mr. Helm tells us a great deal about Spanish art and architecture, history and tradition. He has a keen eye for local color; and he writes as warmly and knowledgeably about the wines of Jerez, gastronomy, and Spanish innkeepers as he does about Baroque cathedrals and the paintings of Murillo. There is much lore about the lives of Saints and quite a lot of pleasant anecdotage.

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What Strange Powers Did The Ancients Possess?

EVERY important discovery relating to mind power, sound thinking and cause and effect, as applied to self-advancement, was known centuries ago, before the masses could read and write.

Much has been written about the wise men of old. A popular fallacy has it that their secrets of personal power and successful living were lost to the world. Knowledge of nature's laws, accumulated through the ages, is never lost. At times the great truths possessed by the sages were hidden from unscrupulous men in high places, but never destroyed.

Why Were Their Secrets Closely Guarded?

Only recently, as time is measured; not more than twenty generations ago, less than 1/100th of 1% of the earth's people were thought capable of receiving basic knowledge about the laws of life, for it is an elementary truism that knowledge is power and that power cannot be entrusted to the ignorant and the unworthy.

Wisdom is not readily attainable by the general public; nor recognized when right within reach. The average person absorbs a multitude of details about things, but goes through life without ever knowing where and how to acquire mastery of the fundamentals of the inner mind—that mysterious silent something which "whispers" to you from within.

Fundamental Laws of Nature

Your habits, accomplishments and weaknesses are the effects of causes. Your thoughts and actions are governed by fundamental laws. Example: The law of compensation is as fundamental as the laws of breathing, eating and sleeping. All fixed laws of nature are as fascinating to study as they are vital to understand for success in life.

You can learn to find and follow every basic law of life. You can begin at any time to discover a whole new world of interesting truths. You can start at once to awaken your inner powers of self-understanding and self-advancement. You can learn from one of the world's oldest institutions, first known in America in 1694. Enjoying the high regard of hundreds of leaders, thinkers and teachers, the organization is known as the Rosicrucian Order. Its complete name is the "Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis," abbreviated by the initials "AMORC." The teachings of the Order are not sold, for it is not a commercial organization, nor is it a religious sect. It is a non-profit fraternity, a brotherhood in the true sense.

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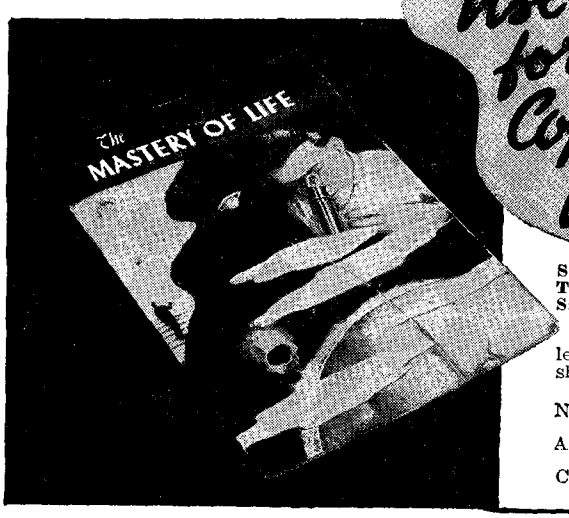
Sincere men and women, in search of the truth—those who wish to fit in with the ways of the world—are invited to write for a complimentary copy of the booklet, "The Mastery of Life." It tells how to contact the librarian of the archives of AMORC for this rare knowledge. This booklet is not intended for general distribution; nor is it sent without request. It is therefore suggested that you write for your copy to the Scribe whose address is given in the coupon. The initial step is for you to take.



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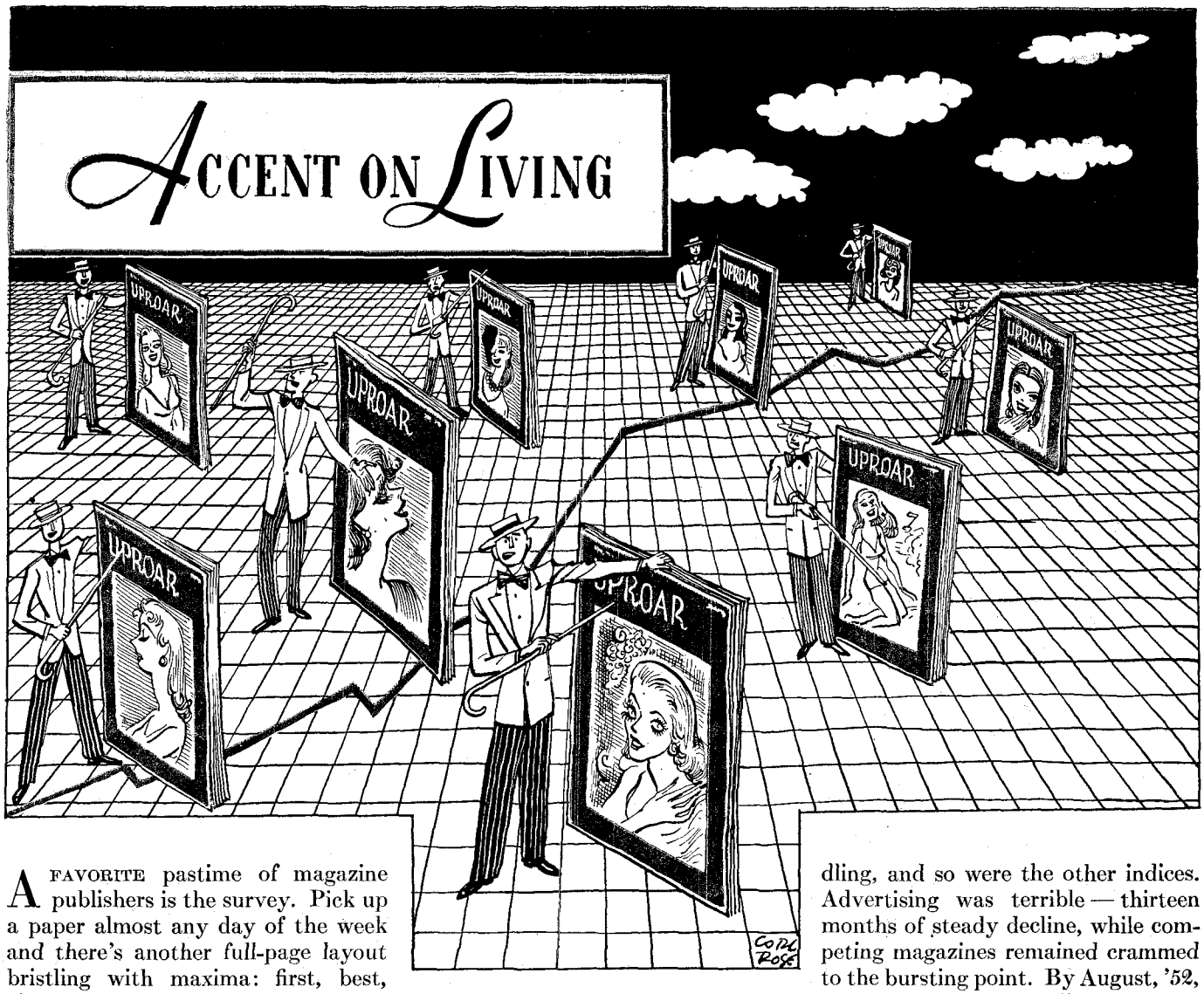

A FAVORITE pastime of magazine publishers is the survey. Pick up a paper almost any day of the week and there's another full-page layout bristling with maxima: first, best, biggest, fastest, highest, richest, most. The magazine — let's call it *Uproar* — has been surveying itself; and to everyone's surprise, including its own, *Uproar* now emerges as the foremost magazine ever to qualify for the second-class mailing privilege. Not only does the survey show that *Uproar* is on top, but it also discloses that what the public had always regarded as the really big guns in the magazine field are sliding downhill at a woeful rate. Compared with *Uproar's*, their position is calamitous.

The *Uproar* survey is surprising simply because of what has seemed self-evident about *Uproar* for years and years past — a magazine grinding along on a slightly threadbare formula, its content roughly equivalent to daytime television. It is hardly imaginable that on Main Street or Madison Avenue one ever hears the question, "Have you read the latest *Uproar?*" By spending furiously on high-pressure house-to-house squads, *Uproar* has been able to keep its circulation around 2 million but there it stalls. Very little is going on around *Uproar*. Very little. It becomes plain that *Uproar* needs a survey — badly.

The people who make surveys are usually known by some such name as Medianalysis Associates, Inc., or Statistical Measurement Associates, Inc. (It doesn't cost any more to do business with "Associates" than with an ordinary company, and it's much more modern.) Their task is absurdly simple. All they have to do is to show wherein *Uproar* — far behind its field in point of circulation, advertising linage, dollar volume, and everything else — is actually the true, if unappreciated, leader. And in surveying *Uproar* into the lead, the easiest category for a beginning is under the heading "*Uproar* Leads!" Who is gaining and who isn't?

The Associates start surveying *Uproar's* performance month by month. It's a grim picture for the past couple of years. Newsstand sales were dwindling, and so were the other indices. Advertising was terrible — thirteen months of steady decline, while competing magazines remained crammed to the bursting point. By August, '52, *Uproar's* linage was striking bottom; it was so bad that it couldn't become any worse. There was an upturn, consequently, in September — in fact, September linage in '52 was better than '51 by 17.4 per cent. The competition, meanwhile, was more or less at a standstill, with linage bulging at peak figures.

Thus, under the modest heading "*Uproar* Leads Again!" the Associates prepare a little table showing that while *Uproar* was gaining 17.4 per cent, the two biggest magazines gained only 3.6 and 2.1 per cent respectively, and the third even lost 1.8 per cent — about as if Standard of New Jersey had mislaid a gallon of gasoline. But it makes a sprightly table nevertheless. Hurrah for *Uproar!*

What else can *Uproar* afford to say of its advertising position? The totals are certainly to be avoided. But hold on — what about the really weird lot of snippets that are scattered through *Uproar's* pages in behalf of itch cures,

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how-to-do-it courses, pain relievers, deodorants and such? There are as many as a half dozen of these tucked away in a single column of many an *Uproar* page. And because the response to an advertisement in *Uproar* is so small, the turnover is heavy. Hardly any advertiser will remain in it very long, with the result that new ones are forever coming and going. The Associates explore the statistics and find that *Uproar* actually has more advertisers than its competitors. (This is probably the only item in *Uproar's* big full-page advertisement of its survey that is at all what it seems to be.) The figures show up strongly in tabular form. "*Uproar* Has the Most Advertisers!"

The Associates wisely decide not to make circulation comparisons, for *Uproar* comes off too poorly on this count. But they have surveyed too many magazines to be perplexed about a trifle of this kind. Circulation may be balky, but what about *readers?* Not how many readers, but how ardent are they? The Associates retire to their secret cabinet. After making certain astrological calculations and examining the omens, they emerge with the news that *Uproar's* readers think it's a wonderful magazine. Conversely, by further occult methods, the Associates find that the readers of other magazines don't like them at all. The rapid-fire talk and the manipulation of the three shells speed up a little in the text covering these pronouncements, but there's another table to prove them. "More Readers Prefer *Uproar!*"

Another withdrawal into the mysterious cabinet, and out pop the Associates once again with the clincher. Do *Uproar* readers believe its advertisements? The answer is, most certainly yes. Absolutely. And the "other" magazines, detestable frauds that they are — do their readers *believe* their advertisements? The answer is no. They do not. (This seems reasonable enough, when one considers that the survey has already shown that the readers don't like the other magazines they read, anyhow.) Hence, another table, another caption: "More Readers Believe *Uproar* Ads!"

Uproar leads! *Uproar* wins! Forward with *Uproar!*

One might think that the average adult could get some idea, by reading a magazine and its rate card and circulation figures, whether the magazine is any good or not. But this is not so. Only by a survey can he tell one magazine from another.

CHARLES W. MORTON

THE GREAT HOAX

by PATRICIA G. LAUBER

PATRICIA G. LAUBER *is an editor of Scholastic Magazines. A Wellesley graduate, she devotes her summers to travel and gathering material for light sketches.*

A WEEK ago Henry was telling us about his basic training in the Army.

"What kind of things do you do?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "there're things like clean-up duty. Other day, ten of us were sent out to pick up pieces of wood lying around a building. Two men could have done it in half an hour."

With lightning rapidity I covered several sheets of foolscap with formulae and calculations. "So," I said, glancing modestly at my mathematics, "it took the ten of you six minutes."

"Naw," Henry said.

Without hesitation I seized another sheaf of paper and started afresh. Fifteen minutes and seven pages later I said, "Five minutes?"

"Naw," Henry said. "Three and a half hours."

I was again the victim of the great hoax. The hoax, I might add, has nothing to do with the Army. It has been thought up and perpetrated by the writers of mathematics books. While their thinking may be algebraically sound, the fallacies and misrepresentations they put forth to permeate innocent young minds are little short of rapscallion. My life is now dedicated to exposing them in their duplicity.

Mind you, I have no objection to pure algebra. If "$4x$ equals 8" means

that "x equals 2," that's all right with me. But how many algebra-book writers stop here? They go on and make x stand for bananas or horses. And as soon as problems are built around people or things in real life, misimpressions are created. These the student absorbs along with the method of solving the problem. Very often his life is seriously impaired.

Take, for example, this familiar problem: If peanuts cost 33 cents a pound, walnuts 87½ cents a pound, and pecans 72 cents a pound, how many pounds of each must a grocer use to get a mixture worth 69 cents a pound?

You've met this problem under many guises — sometimes it concerned nuts, sometimes dried fruit or dog biscuits or buttons. But it always conjures up the same picture of the honest storekeeper sitting behind his shop after a hard day's work. The doors are bolted, night has fallen, his dinner is cooling on the table, but the storekeeper labors on. Before him lie his scales, piled with nuts or cookies or buttons. He himself is bent over a scrap of paper, a stubby pencil clutched in his fingers, working away in the trial-and-error method. As the church clock tolls midnight, the man at last stumbles into bed. He has found the right proportion of buttons and nuts to sell for 69 cents the next day.

Meanwhile we students have calculated the exact proportions in a matter of minutes (never mind how many minutes it took me) and stepped out to buy a pound of assorted nuts. The price is 69 cents — but the contents are nine-tenths peanuts, as anyone except an algebra student would know. The conditioning process of mathematics has just cost us some 36 cents.

Or take this problem: *A* leaves a

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summer resort at 5 A.M. and drives home, a distance of 263 miles, at 30 miles per hour. *B* leaves the resort three hours later. How fast will he have to drive to reach home at the same time *A* does?

On first encounter this seems like a useful sort of problem to be able to solve. While few of us will ever have to mix nuts, we might well be in *B's* position.

A clear-eyed second glance, however, shows that the problem is simply another hoax. *B* can't possibly arrive home at the same time *A* does.

The student, of course, doesn't realize this. Knowing that Rate times Time equals Distance, he works out the number of hours it took *A* to get home, applies the necessary information to *B*, and comes up with the answer.

Now let's look at poor *B*. *A* didn't tell *B* he was going to drive at 30 miles an hour. So *B* couldn't possibly compute how long it would take *A* to arrive, even if he were able to — which is dubious.

B is a good sport, though, and willing to make a stab at arriving at the same time, just for the sake of the problem.

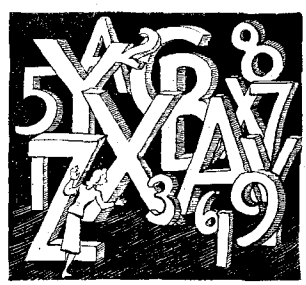
But at this point a human factor enters the situation. All the people who were going to ride home with *A* decided to go with *B* when they heard what time *A* was leaving. This meant it was closer to 10 A.M. than 8 when *B* got under way. Then he had to go back to the hotel because Aunt Sally had forgotten her suitcase. (It turned out to be in the trunk of the car all the time.)

Having left at a civilized hour, *B* has to buck traffic and stop at a restaurant for lunch. He loses still more time because of people being carsick, people wanting to stop for drinks, a flat tire, a ticket for speeding, stopping to look at the scenery, and stopping for more drinks. If *B* (or you or I) can get home before midnight, he'll be doing well. *A*, by this time, has arrived home, taken a nap, eaten dinner, gone to the movies, and is fast asleep in bed.

Realizing the truth about algebra problems isn't enough. You have to re-examine all your thinking and straighten out the parts that have been distorted. This is easier said than done, for it must be accomplished in a world of unreconstructed algebra students. Just yesterday I was busy dropping different-sized rocks out my window to see if they hit the ground at the same time, when my mother interrupted me. "It will take me an hour to clean downstairs," she said. "But if you would help me, we could do the job in half the time."

"If that is true," I said, "then 60 of us could do it in one minute, and 360 of us in one second." I think she got the point, though older people are more set in their ways.

Well, I have to go out now. Cousin Mary says that the sum of her age and her sister's is 56 and that 10 years ago she was twice as old as her sister was 13 years ago. If this is true, Mary is only 32. She doesn't look a day under 40, and I want to get down to City Hall before the Records Office closes and check up on her. I'm late now. But I think if I run twice as fast as I usually walk to the corner and take the bus, which travels three and a half times as fast as I can walk, I should be able to make it.

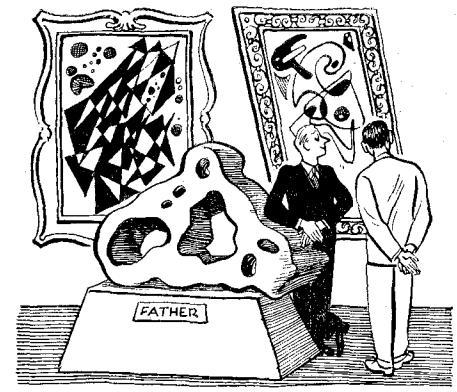


CAT

by ROBERT HUFF

SURELY not mine, my cat, with all your needs,
Wife, snake with fur and gaze before you come
Slower than apples, nudging, to my hands.
Not sin, O inbred, sweet necessity!
When none without you knows what has been lost.

How lucky if you were the cruel sign
Of what I want when you stare privately,
Eve, reptile, angel beyond repair.
But you cannot repent what you have done.
Closer you come, your own and pawing me.



ART AND THE MAN

by E. V. KNOX

E. V. KNOX *is the former editor of* Punch, *and "Art and the Man" is reprinted from that magazine by permission of its proprietors.*

THESE are difficult days, and I am not the first writer who has made the observation. All honor then to Lord Palimpsest, First Baron, who has used a great part of his fortune to buy an ancient country home, and found a family, for the strange years to come.

Thus thought I, as he led me to the West Wing of beautiful Georgian Larksbury and showed me the Long Gallery where the portraits of the ancestors are to hang.

They begin (already) with his father. "The Old Man," said Lord Palimpsest in tones of deep reverence as we entered the room. "The Hair-Grip King, as the papers used to say. 'Owd Tom' they called him at the works."

"Owd Tom" was not a picture but a piece of statuary. It resembled — so far as I can describe it — a slightly crouching, rather elongated polar bear, perforated by a profusion of circular holes, such as one sees in rock formations exposed to the fury of an Atlantic storm.

I gazed at it for a while in silence. "A man of determination," I said at last.

"And humor," said my host. "He always liked his joke, did the Old Man."

"And full of penetration," I murmured as we passed on.

"My Aunt Julie," he said, as we stood before a picture on the right. "She was a wild lass in her day. Married four times, I believe, but a likable woman in the main."

"I can well believe it," I said.

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His Aunt Julie was a cascade of brown rectangular planes like lids of boxes, with what seemed to be a round stone ball on a pillar in the upper left-hand corner of the composition.

"I think you have underestimated her," I said. "She must have been a great beauty in her day."

"My children," he said, leading me yet forward. There were three dark green triangles on that canvas, and two large crimson whorls. But there was also, and I speak with some trepidation, what I think was a nursery fender between two of the triangles, and there was certainly a toy train and a big rubber doll.

"The little rogues," I chuckled, and he seemed pleased.

I liked also his brother, who was a plain white surface crossed by three slanting purple lines, except in one place where the design was broken by a Romanesque arch.

"A character, evidently," I surmised.

"In his way," admitted Lord Palimpsest. "But he went to the bad in the tropics."

"Tut, tut," I rejoined. "But we can only be what we are."

There were several other relatives whose combinations and permutations I do not clearly recall. But we came at last to a sheet of steel, shaped rather like a fish, standing on a pedestal, with a stiff wire protruding upwards, as it were, from the jaw. On the top of the wire were suspended two pieces of thin metal looking like the leaves of some exotic plant.

"And this?" I asked.

"That is me."

"A wonderful likeness," I assented. "I really ought to have known."

"That is as far as we have gone at present," he said as we went out into the banqueting room.

I must have seemed a little pensive, for he asked me whether I had anything on my mind.

"I was only thinking," I said, "how eerie it will be for your great-great-grandchildren when the ghosts of their forefathers begin to walk and whisper at night in the corridors."

"But there'll always be an England," he said cheerfully.

"I suppose there will. May I go back for a moment?"

And I returned to squat for a few seconds in a reverent attitude, peering through one of the major apertures in the figure of "Owd Tom."

PLEASURES AND PLACES

TOURIST IN AUSTRIA

by JOAN M. WALKER

JOAN M. WALKER *recently returned from a year in Europe, of which six months were spent in Austria. She is a native of Illinois, and now lives in New York, where she is engaged in television work.*

AUSTRIA — still officially at war with the United States — is paradoxically one of the gayest countries in Europe for the American tourist and probably the cheapest. A really memorable dinner often costs as little as $2. The best of wines run to around $1 a bottle, and $2.50 will pay for a night's lodging in a first-rate hotel.

Vienna today, of course, bears little resemblance to the *Alt Wien* of song and cinema. There are few signs of wealth even among the aristocracy. But the Viennese have an irrepressible instinct for enjoying themselves, and they still manage to make their city one of the more festive places on the European continent.

The country is faced with staggering problems: the bulk of its industry is in the Russian zone, operated by and for the Russians; the once profitable trade with Hungary and Czechoslovakia has been virtually cut off; the government is constantly battling against Russian interference. But Austria, miraculously, ticks. The explanation (or at least part of it) is that the Austrian is a master of *Durchwurschteln*, which, literally translated, means "sausaging through." The idea is that you bend and slither and sometimes go around in a circle, but eventually you worm your way to your objective.

Since the war, the Viennese have had to cope with the ticklish problem of getting along with both the East and the West; and for this they are admirably suited. A long historical penchant for intrigue, a knack for duplicity, and a firm conviction that wine, good food, and music are matters of greater moment than political ideology have always made it possible for them to shake, politely, the hand at hand. They are probably as skilled today as in Metternich's age in the use of good manners as an instrument of policy. In this atmosphere of elaborate courtesy, East and West still meet — in their public contacts — with scrupulous correctness.

A good public display of their correctness — and incidentally the best free show in town — takes place the first of each month when the control of the international zone, the heart of the city, passes from one occupying power to another. A formal changing of the guards ceremony is held on the steps of the Palace of Justice; the American, British, French, and Russian commanding officers and their staffs turn out, with their bands; and several hundred people show up to watch the spectacle. This is one of the rare occasions on which you see much of the Russians in Vienna. Occasionally, several officers are present at the opera or at the theater, but I never once saw a Russian in any of the restaurants.

For the American tourist, entry formalities now amount to nothing more than a valid passport. If you intend to travel to Vienna by rail or car rather than by plane, you will need a "gray card" for transit through the Russian zone; but it only takes a few days to get one from the Allied High Commission Permit Office in Washington, D.C.

With each of the four occupying powers using at least one of the largest hotels as headquarters, Vienna is a city where confirmed reservations are a necessity. The best hotels available to the tourist are the Krantz-Ambas-

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sador, the Astoria, and the Kaiserin Elisabeth, where room and breakfast run from $3 to $5 a day. The service is genial, the rooms are clean, but the furnishings show the signs of long wear and prodigious patching.

In Vienna, a good pension is a satisfactory as well as inexpensive answer to the lodging problem. The Pension Neuer Markt, where I stayed, is centrally located, and for less than $2 a day I had a good-sized room, a balcony, and breakfast in bed. The Pension Schneider and Pension Wiener are also comfortable places.

Vienna's restaurants, once famed for combining gastronomy and an atmosphere of romance, still put up a creditable showing on both counts. Shades of the old elegance can be found at the refurbished, red plush Sacher, the Franziskaner, the Stadtkrug, or the new Drei Husaren. You can spend several hours wandering through a chicken mousse, a clear turtle soup, an ultra-crisp *Wiener Schnitzel*, and a bottle of Kloster Neuburger; then finish off with *Palatschinken* — those thin egg batter pancakes filled with berries or chocolate — and pick up a check for two of around $5.

The French cuisine at the Hotel de France would probably rate two stars in the infallible *Guide Michelin*, and its prices would certainly cause consternation among Parisian restaurateurs. The Balkan Grill, which by Viennese standards is expensive, offers Balkan dishes served up on wooden platters, gypsy music, and a mild conspiratorial atmosphere. Meals here are generally started with a glass of *slivovitz*, which sets the stage for the chopped onion and red pepper salad and the blazing kebab that follow. There is also gypsy music

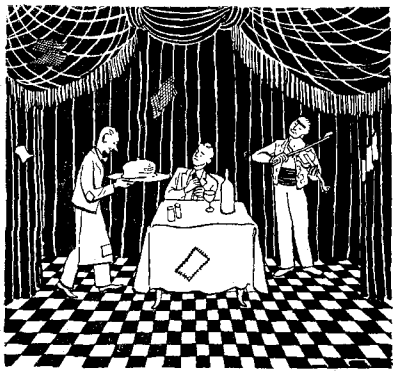
at Pataky's, which makes a superb chicken paprika. This is the meeting place for many of the stateless Hungarians who roam the face of Vienna, engage in slightly shady business transactions, and occasionally throw a wineglass because they are Hungarians.

All over town the old-fashioned wine cellars are back in business — big, dark places with long community tables. The Viennese sometimes stop in at one of these cellars in the middle of the morning for a goulash soup, which is almost as substantial as a goulash and costs about 20 cents a bowl. At dinnertime the menu at the *Weinstuben* features simple "housewifely" dishes with names a mile long — such as *Masthuhn gebraten nach Hausfrauen Art* — "roast chicken after the manner of housewives." A favorite dessert is *Kaiserschmarrn*, a cake which, its name implies, was esteemed by the late Emperor. The chances are that one person can't spend more than a dollar for dinner, including a pitcher of wine or beer.

The coffeehouses are still the second home of all Viennese. Every man has his *Stammcafé* — his hereditary coffeehouse — where he shows up every morning around ten to eat a *Kaiser Semmel* (Emperor Roll) with his coffee and read his newspaper. The waiters know his reading habits and automatically produce his favorite journal. He is back again in the afternoon for coffee, pastry or little sandwiches, and interminable talk.

Only coffee prepared by the drip method is considered fit to drink, and single orders are brewed in a minute coffee maker, on the theory that two cups brewed in a three-cup pot will fall short of perfection. Lately, the Italian *espresso* has been gaining favor and this is drunk, as in Italy, with more sugar than coffee. There are no fewer than 1200 cafés in Vienna, but the biggest, busiest, and most amusing are the Mozart, the Operncafé, and the Kursalon (where, in summer, you can sip your coffee on a terrace and listen to the band playing in the Stadtpark).

Night life in Vienna is lively, late, and unbelievably inexpensive, since the staple drink is white wine and it often runs as low as 30 cents a pitcher. The night clubs range from seedy places like the Orientale or Opium Höhle, where every customer likes to think the people at the next table are spies, to the elegant Splendide, fashionable hangout for free-spending Hungarians, American visitors, and the younger members of the Austrian aristocracy. In summer, these same people move up the hill just outside Vienna to the Cobenzl. Here there are outdoor terraces for dinner and dancing and a wonderful view of those sights which the Viennese get teary-eyed about: the *schöne, blaue Donau* (which, incidentally, is never blue



around Vienna, but usually a yellowish gray); the Vienna Woods, celebrated by Strauss; and far below, the city itself. Enthusiasts of gypsy music should not miss the Monseigneur, a gloomy establishment notable for the incomparable fiddling of Kocze Antal, an aged gypsy violinist. Antal's performance reaches its peak just before dawn, by which time he is playing crouched on the floor, weeping gently in accompaniment to his unbearably sad music.

The standard outing for the average Viennese is a *Heuriger* party at the wine houses in suburban Grinzing, or at the "Eroica" in the old city. These wine houses, identified by the evergreens over the door, are owned by vintners who dispense only *Heuriger* — the green, amazingly intoxicating wine "of this year," which is served straight from the vat. The customers supply their own food and song.

Austria's bottled wines are virtually unknown outside of the country, for the simple reason that they do not "travel." They have a unique freshness of taste and a remarkably exhilarating effect with little or no aftereffect. The most distinguished of the whites are Gumpoldskirchener, Grinzinger, Nussdorfer, Riesling; and of the reds, Vöslauer or Kloster Neuburger. Don't bother about the vintage years of any of these wines, as they are seldom over two years old.

There is a saying that everyone in Vienna is an amateur singer; and certainly the unbounded interest of the Viennese in the lives of their musical performers suggests the proprietary interest which the amateur artist feels for the professional. The private lives of Vienna's favorite musicians are considered public property. A

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singer's love affairs, a conductor's financial problems, are discussed with a startling intimacy of detail. The financial situation, however, is such that Vienna's top performers are not as well paid as they are well loved, with the result that many are lured away to lusher pastures. But there remain enough good voices to produce first-rate opera. What is more, the two main opera companies have a continuing tradition of functioning *as a company*, and their performances sparkle with smooth teamwork.

Until the handsome baroque opera house on the Ring is ready to reopen — which will probably be in the spring of this year — the National Opera is using the small Theater an der Wien, where it presents four or five different operas each week at a top price of about $1.50. I heard a *Marriage of Figaro* that was a study in charm and delicate coördination, and I doubt that *Fidelio* can be much better performed than it is at the Vienna Staatsoper. Across town at the Volksoper, where light opera is performed, the traditional New Year's Eve performance of *Die Fledermaus* was so contagiously gay that the entire audience joined in the finale.

Orchestrally, Vienna is in an enviable position. It is home base for both the magnificent Philharmonic, conducted with enormous polish by Clemens Krauss, and for the Vienna Symphony, often under the direction of Herbert von Karajan, considered by some the finest conductor in Europe. Karajan gives two concerts a week, the most popular of which is at 11 o'clock on Sunday mornings. This allows plenty of time for the Viennese to indulge in two of their favorite activities: greeting their friends and listening to music — roughly equal effort is devoted to each. Members of the string section of the Philharmonic join the superbly trained Vienna Boys Choir for 10 A.M. Mass at the little baroque chapel in the Hofburg every Sunday.

Vienna's low prices make it hard to resist a shopping spree. On the main shopping streets — the Kärtnerstrasse and the Graben — you find a variety of good buys: petit point bags, which would cost $80 in New York, for about $20; handmade silk blouses with embroidery for $12; hand-knit sweaters for $10; and fine Meissen, Old Vienna, or Augarten porcelain for about 20 per cent less than in the United States. I bought a marvelous copy of a Christian Dior model — a heavy silk taffeta afternoon dress with ten yards of skirt, all of it minutely pleated — for one third of the price of the original. A new shop, the Elegance, has careful copies of French models for as little as $35. Knize, a tailor whom certain connoisseurs consider without peer in Savile Row, makes suits for men and women in fine English woolens for around $145.

Anyone with an eye for antiques can pick up some amazing bargains at the *Dorotheum*, the state auction house. I followed the fortunes of a baronial set of silverware large enough to serve a banquet for twelve; and it went for $125, no doubt to someone with the initial "M," since every piece was handsomely engraved.

In relation to other costs, taxi fares in Vienna are rather high. But a great many of the places on the tourist's circuit are in or around the first zone, so taxis are seldom essential. Whatever part of the "Inner City" you start from, a moderate walk will take you to St. Stephen's Cathedral, shattered in the war but now completely restored, with the immense Hapsburg eagle back in place on the roof; to the Hofburg, winter palace of the emperors, once again open to the public; to the ornate but graceful Rathaus; and to the Kunsthistorisches Museum, which has one of the finest collections of Breughels in the world. Besides, Vienna is a town for walking: a stroll along its old streets and stately avenues brings home the full impact of this monument to the baroque grand style.

Austria is not quite as well equipped to cater to the tourist's every requirement as countries with such a highly developed tourist trade as France or Italy. Service stations, for instance, are few and far between on the Austrian roads, and there's sometimes a shortage of porters at railway depots. But it would take a very pampered traveler to find cause for serious complaint. The hotel shortage, however, is apt to plague the tourist all over the

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country — at the ski resorts in mid-winter, at the spas in summer, and at Salzburg during the music festival. This jewel-like town still looks, architecturally, the same today as it did in the plans of its archbishop creators, but the war and its aftermath have injected something new and incongruous into its daily life — the American Army, whose Austrian headquarters are in Salzburg, and a great many Hungarian refugees from Communism. Jeeps, cocktails, and the latest American movies have followed the Army; beautiful women, dark night clubs, and brisk business deals have followed the Hungarians.

A great many otherwise rational Americans succumb, in Salzburg, to a whimsical craving for Tyrolean clothes. The place to go is Lanz's. The prices, by Austrian standards, are moderately high, but not high enough to quench the average tourist's yearning to impersonate an Alpine brave or mountain belle.

Salzburg is a good starting point for a tour of some of Austria's vacation spots. Buses leave every morning for the Salzkammergut, a region filled with incredibly blue mountain lakes, dense forests, and modestly priced hotels — the most extravagant in the area is the de luxe Schloss at Fuschl, where a single room with private bath and three meals is $8 a day. In all the lake towns (three charming ones are Wolfgansee, Mondsee, and Gmunden) there are small, spotlessly clean guesthouses, where room and board come to $3 a day. Bad Ischl — once summer residence of Franz Joseph, and the natives never let you forget it — has excellent fishing, thermal baths, and a café famous for its *Zaunerschnitte*, a flaky chocolate pastry. South of Salzburg is Bad Gastein, Austria's most fashionable resort.

Anyone with a special fondness for spectacular mountain scenery should make an effort to drive up the impressive Grossglockner Alpine Road, a round trip from Innsbruck of about 250 miles. The road climbs, with fearful twists and turns, to a height of 8430 feet on the Grossglockner, Austria's highest mountain. At about 7500 feet, sightseers stop at the Franz Joseph Höhe to gaze at the dazzling Pasterzen Glacier; and, if they're Austrians, to drop in at the mountainside café for a cup of coffee, pastries — and a look at a newspaper.

by JOHN M. CONLY

Bach: Cantata No. 63, *Christians, Engrave Ye This Day* (Michael Gielen conducting soloists, Vienna State Opera Orchestra and Chamber Choir; Bach Guild: 12″ LP). This is really a miniature oratorio, a companion piece to the *Magnificat*, and just as dramatic. Gielen plays it all-out, wonderfully abetted by Hilde Rossl-Majdan's heartful alto and Helmut Wobitsch's terrific trumpet. Fine sound.

Beethoven: Symphonies No. 2 and No. 4 (Bruno Walter conducting Philharmonic-Symphony of New York; Columbia: 12″ LP). A technique Columbia calls "variable pitch," which apparently means closer margin-control, has enabled them to fit these two works on one record without noticeable loss of dynamic range. This is a great bargain, since it offers incidentally the best Beethoven Walter has put on disks, inspired playing and magnificent sound.

Bizet: Petite Suite, *Jeux d'Enfants*, with **Chabrier: Suite Pastorale** (Warwick Braithwaite conducting Royal Opera House Orchestra; M-G-M: 12″ LP). In its first twelve-inch issues, M-G-M has attained hi-fi, much to the benefit of Braithwaite and his Covent Garden crew in their presentation of these playful and melodious pieces.

Brahms: Quintet in F Minor (Joerg Demus, piano; Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet; Westminster: 12″ LP). The balance of instruments here is not quite perfect, and there may be occasional rough spots in the playing, but it doesn't matter at all. There is also such delight and absorption in the music that it cannot fail to be contagious. Masterly.

Brahms: Symphony No. 4 in E Minor (Arturo Toscanini conducting NBC Symphony; RCA Victor: 12″ LP). This performance seems practically faultless. Yet, to this reviewer, it is less enjoyable than the London Krips version from almost every aspect. No explanation offered.

Dvorak: Concerto in B Minor

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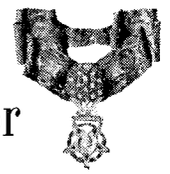
Sgt. 1st Class Einar H. Ingman U. S. Army Medal of Honor



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